

THE SITUATION IN ITALY. By Dr. Walter Seton and Sir George Aston, K.C.B.
PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS. By Albert M. Hyamson, Author of "A History of the Jews in England."

COUNTRY LIFE

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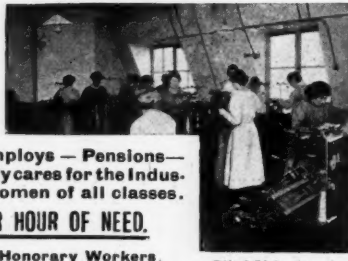
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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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The Board of Scientific Societies

THE Conjoint Board of Scientific Societies was born on March 22nd, 1916, and is one of the by-products of the war. Its only begetter was the Council of the Royal Society, and its objects, broadly speaking, are to promote the growth of scientific method in national work. Of the list of objects which it has in view the most practical is the third, which is described as "taking such action as may be necessary to promote the application of science to our industries and to the service of the nation." The ultimate aim is, of course, increased productivity and the saving of man power. A very wide field is spread out before the Board and we trust the work will be pressed forward towards practical aims. There are few occupations in this country where labour might not be lessened and the output greatly enlarged by more scientific method.

We take agriculture as an example, because that is the occupation in which our readers are most closely concerned. So far, the steps taken have been the appointment of a sub-committee to enquire into and report on the work at present in progress on the application of science to agriculture, and particular attention has been directed to engineering problems. With this there will be very great sympathy, although it represents only a fraction of the ground to be covered. The trials of the war have brought home to the cultivator in an unexampled manner the great need for improvement in labour. Perhaps it is needed most in the major operations, because we depend for the bulk of our food upon the work of the plough and the other machinery of the farm. On this the Board seems to have concentrated its attention, particularly with a view to encouraging a wider use of electricity. At present the chief obstacle is the expense, but it is pointed out that our rival and enemy, Germany, has been able to utilise electric power in a very great degree, not only for stationary motor purposes, such as threshing, grist mills and cream separation, but also for ploughing, cultivating and hoeing. In this matter we in this country are very backward. No applications of electricity to agricultural purposes beyond that of the farmstead have been made. This is chiefly attributed to the fact that, practically speaking, no electricity has as yet been distributed in agricultural districts. This is a matter which has been taken up by a Departmental Committee of the Board of Trade, and it is probable that wider powers of distribution will be granted in the near future, and that cheap power will be available for transmission not only to industrial districts, but also, should the occasion arise, to agricultural districts.

That is all to the good as far as it goes. It would help agriculture vastly to have a cheap supply of electric power at hand. But science should not rest merely at that achievement. Perhaps the most acute trouble during the war has arisen from the difficulty of getting the crops thoroughly weeded. Competent observers are at one in saying that never before in our history have the fields become so foul. No doubt a cheap motor power, if it could be popularised, would mitigate the evil, but there would be much to be done by hand, even were that point gained. In the garden the case is even worse. The cultivation of vegetables depends almost entirely upon what we would call almost the most laborious of all work, namely, digging. We have seen during the last year how the little cultivators or allotment holders can increase the productivity of the soil; but if some method were invented by which they could turn the ground over by machinery, this branch of the industry would receive the greatest impulse in its experience. When the digging is done and the crop sown, begins the trouble with weeds. Growers on a large scale have to employ little armies of women and children to pull these by hand, which makes an extraordinary demand upon that class of labour. We have no doubt that science will come to the rescue here as elsewhere and the subject may be commended to the notice of the Board. We have lately directed attention to the manner in which vegetable seeds were sown and grown without weeds in the garden at Versailles. The method by which this was accomplished was that of partial sterilisation of the soil by means of a high explosive. The same result is obtained in this country by the application of steam in tomato houses. But the expense in both cases is so great as to be prohibitive except to those who can raise immense crops under glass. Here, then, is a wonderful opening for scientific investigation. We are not talking in the air, for keen and ingenious minds are already engaged on the problem; but if the Board were to take this matter up they might perform a very great service indeed.

It is another part of the subject altogether and, perhaps, too wide a one to touch on just now, but as important as the discovery of things new is the popularisation of those that exist. There are thousands of inventions which could be used to lighten labour and increase returns on the fields, but the problem is to get them adopted.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a new portrait of Viscountess Grimston, who, before her marriage in 1909, was Lady Violet Brabazon, and is the younger daughter of the Earl of Meath.

.. It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



THANKS to the enterprise of the *Daily Telegraph*, the various chapters constituting Mr. Gerard's book, "My Four Years in Germany," now published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, are well known to British readers. The volume contains a foreword or preface, primarily addressed to the writer's countrymen, but of equal interest to every Ally engaged in this quarrel. It might have been headed "Plain Speaking to the American People." Mr. Gerard in a few trenchant sentences tries to disabuse his friends of the notion that fighting Germany is to be an easy matter even for the greatest democracy in the world. He is anxious that they should know exactly what they are up against. So much smiling optimism has come from the mouths of British orators that one who did not know the facts might imagine that the nut had been cracked, that Germany is defeated and only needs the finishing stroke to collapse altogether. This sort of rhetoric ought to be sternly discouraged everywhere, and Mr. Gerard, at all events, is determined that the people of the United States shall not blame him for any illusion on that point. He vows that his only reason for writing this book is "because I believe that our people should be informed," and he adds that "there are too many thinkers, writers and speakers in the United States; what are required now are the doers, the organisers, and the realists."

FIRST of all he establishes the fact that Germany is "the greatest military power the world has ever seen." He adds to this a plain man's reading of the German psychology. The land carries with it a fearful tradition of the horrors of war. They are set forth once and for all in a book that was fully dealt with in these pages many years ago, *Simplicissimus*, a realistic description of the results of war that makes the reader of to-day shudder. Knowledge of what the devastating wars of centuries meant to their country has bred fear in the very marrow of their bones. That is why the German people submit their lives and fortunes to an autocracy which promises them security and also riches untold and the dominion of the world. The war spirit is fanned by poets and professors, pedagogues and parsons, "who have united in stirring its people to a white heat of hatred, first against Russia, then against England, and now against America." The German ambition stretched out to the United States. If this war had been drawn or won, the plan was to direct an attack on some Central or South American State "to which it would have been at least as difficult for us to send troops as for Germany." Thus America is fighting as each of the other Allies is fighting, primarily for its own freedom and even its own existence. We remember the battle-cry sounded by Bernhardt—"World-power or Downfall!"

WITH equal thoroughness Mr. Gerard dissipates the fond illusion that Germany is worn out. The preface is not dated, but the facts cannot have been seriously modified since it was written. The Kaiser called twelve million men to the colours. Of these one million and a half have been killed, another half million permanently disabled, about half a million are prisoners of war, and about the same number

constitute the number of wounded or those on the sick list of each day. This leaves nine million effectives under arms. Our writers and speakers are very prone to make light of the latest men to be called up. Not so Mr. Gerard. He says the soldiers have gained by experience, both officers and men, and that the German war machine is as efficient to-day as it was at the beginning. In Mr. Gerard's own words, "The nine million men and more (for at least four hundred thousand come of military age in Germany every year), because of their experience in two and a half years of war, are better and more efficient soldiers than at the time they were called to the colours."

HOPES built on the expectation of revolution, starvation, or financial ruin are doomed to disappointment. There may be riots here and riots there, but obviously the old men and children who are left would be at the mercy of a few well armed soldiers. There is not the material for a great revolution. Nor is starvation likely to come either. With the aid of a vast accumulation of prisoners, numbering at least two millions, "every available inch of ground in Germany is cultivated and cultivated by the aid of the old men, the boys and the women. So are the arable lands of Northern France and of Rumania by the German Army with an efficiency never before known in these countries." And Mr. Gerard adds, "most of that food will be added to the food supplies of Germany." That fact ought to be set against the supineness of the Allies. In our own country the greatest difficulty is found in getting the soldiers to cultivate the vegetables behind their lines, while German soldiers grow acres of wheat and potatoes on the soil they have conquered. The French were gathering these crops in the neighbourhood of Noyon during the visit of the present writer—a direct testimony to the truth of Mr. Gerard's statement. He utters home truths, and woe to the country that does not attend to them. There is far greater danger of the starvation of the Allies than of the starvation of the Germans. Finally, the Government and the great banks have handled the financial resources of the country so cleverly that there is at present no distress. People know that unless indemnities are obtained from other countries the weight of the war debt will ultimately fall on their shoulders. But this only makes them readier "to risk all in a final attempt to win the war and impose indemnities upon not only the nations of Europe, but also upon the United States of America." Here, we take it, is a deliverance which must cause searchings of heart all round.

THE PREACHER.

Your soul may linger on a secret quest,
Your dreams may shelter safely in your breast;
My soul and dreams are beaten into words to bring you rest.

Others may veil their visions from the crowd,
By secret altars other heads be bowed;
What you scarce whisper in your prayers—that must I cry aloud.

I may not hold my happiness or pain
Far from the world, else were they all in vain—
Ah! but that old, shy, hidden life once more to know again.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

WE are glad to know that vigorous steps are being taken towards acting upon that policy of providing vegetables for our soldiers in France, which has been strongly and consistently advocated in these columns. It is a little doubtful which is the better way of carrying out the scheme. In France much was due to the fact that the military leaders seized upon the idea with avidity and in every way facilitated the work of the gardeners. One does not like suggesting that more trouble and responsibility should be heaped upon our generals at the fronts, who have their hands full with the duties incidental to an active campaign. But they might suggest the names of a few men competent to carry it out. There must be in the British Army, as in the French Army, horsemen who have a great many idle hours on their hands after they have groomed and exercised their horses. Among them there should be at least a proportion who can do the work of gardening. It is well known also that among the men at the fronts and at the back of the front, are several representatives of the great nursery firms of this country. It would be easy to select from them one or two energetic individuals who could undertake the work of organisation and supervision. In a word, where there is a will there is a way. A very notable economy might be affected if the

French example were acted upon. The mere fact that our Allies have found it to act so perfectly is in itself the highest recommendation.

SINCE the war began there has not been a better week for British arms. Sir Douglas Haig, acting on the precept of Hammer, Hammer, Hammer, has, in spite of Flanders weather and German counter-attacks, added to his previous successes the crowning achievement of carrying Passchendaele. Thereby he has secured a position from which his guns command the whole of Belgium. Roulers, in a manner of speaking, changes with Ypres, becoming to the Germans what the latter has been to the British. How bitter this is to the Germans may be inferred from the counter-attacks. An order of Hindenburg's was found ordering his troops to hold Passchendaele at all hazards, and if it were lost to retake it regardless of loss. But the Germans are discovering by experience that when British troops are once established there is no way of driving them back. The sequel will be anxiously awaited; it may not come this year. The Germans had apparently convinced themselves that Passchendaele could not be taken since the quantity of cement and other material they left behind show that they meant to fortify for the winter.

SIR STANLEY MAUDE continues to push the Turks back on the Upper Tigris. It was announced that under German leadership they were going to make a great bid for the recapture of Baghdad. Even now it would be rash to say this is impossible; but, at any rate, the beginning is not auspicious, and admirers of General Maude may take comfort in reflecting that he has acquired the best of all habits, the habit of winning. In Palestine General Allenby is treating the Turks to a masterly display of skill in the old-fashioned battle of movement—showing all the traits of a fine leader, such as boldness of plan, vigour of attack and swiftness in pursuit. His enemies flee and are scattered before him. It is natural to use Biblical language when the scene of his exploits is dotted with names made familiar by Holy Writ, such as Beersheba, Ascalon, Ashdod. What memories they stir of Hebrew warrior, Crusader, Moor and Paladin! A contemporary suggests that he has not yet encountered the main Turkish Army in this scene of war, and we hope to be the last to count chickens before they are hatched. But a campaign well begun is half won, and the number of prisoners and guns, the rich booty he has acquired tell their own tale.

ENOUGH has already been accomplished to lend actuality to the assurance given by Mr. A. J. Balfour in a letter to Lord Rothschild that we purpose to give back Palestine to its natural owners, the people of the Jewish race. That would go far to satisfy a long-felt and legitimate aspiration. In another part of the paper a well known Jewish writer, Mr. Albert Hyamson, explains what is meant to the people most directly concerned. It may be useful to supplement his remarks with an expression of opinion by his illustrious compatriot Mr. Israel Zangwill, whose question is now being answered in the affirmative. As put in his book, "The War of the World," it was "Napoleon, under the spell of the forty centuries that regarded him from the Pyramids, announced his design to restore the Jews to their land. Will England, with Egypt equally at her feet, carry out the plan she foiled Napoleon in? Had she the power and the genius to do so, a new chapter would be opened in the history of mankind, the ends of the ages would meet, and the 'tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast,' which for nineteen hundred years has prayed for Palestine some twenty times a day, would find itself on its holy soil under the ægis of the greatest Empire in the world, victorious after the greatest struggle in her history."

NATIONAL shipyards are to be constructed at four places in order to cope with the need for new ships in the near future. The sites of three of the yards are semi-officially stated to be on the Bristol Channel. It is permissible, perhaps, to express a doubt whether the choice is the best that could have been made. The natural conditions are not such as to inspire very great confidence in experienced shipbuilders. If advantages are there, it is at least remarkable that they have been so consistently overlooked in the past by the leading firms. It may also be asked if it is really the case that existing yards and plants are not equal to the required output. The Trades and Labour Council at Portsmouth, which should be in close touch with conditions at that port, has recently passed a recommendation for the

Ministry of Reconstruction to consider "the possibility of using the unique advantages of Portsmouth Dockyard to increase facilities for the commercial expansion of the nation." That does not look as if they were being fully used at present. The Controller of Shipbuilding might take the country a little more into his confidence and justify, as possibly he could do, the expenditure of public money on four new yards.

AT Manchester on Monday Sir Arthur Yapp set forth the new system of rations which he wishes the country to adopt. He is still harping on voluntaryism, and we agree cordially that if the required economy can be effected by this means there will be a saving in money and a gain in moral strength by the achieving of such a victory. But at the same time it is impossible to avoid feeling doubtful of the result. The selfish can always avoid sacrifice while the unselfish cheerfully make it. Not that any great sacrifice is involved in the tariff which Sir Arthur Yapp has drawn up. It is, in fact, sufficiently liberal. He suggests that the farm labourer should have an allowance of 8lb. of bread per week and the industrial worker 7lb.; while unoccupied men or those engaged in sedentary work should be content with 4½lb. Women working outdoors should be confined to a bread ration of 5lb.; engaged in industry, 4lb.; and if they are unoccupied or sedentary, 3lb. 8oz. This is a bread ration against which nothing can be said. If it were made compulsory to-morrow no suffering in health may be expected.

WE are very glad that Sir Arthur Yapp proposes to exempt children from these regulations altogether. They are the most precious asset which the nation possesses, and it is most desirable that they should be adequately fed. No child will be injured by plain, simple feeding, provided there is plenty of it. Porridge and milk make an ideal food, and where these cannot be had the nearest approximation should be obtained. They should also receive as much vegetable and potatoes as they can eat. Anyone who has been accustomed to bring up young things is well aware that the way to success lies in maintaining them well from the beginning. Any creature, two-legged or four-legged, furred or feathered, if allowed to dwindle from insufficient food in the early stages of its life, will never be a well grown example of its kind. What is true of the dumb animals is true of children.

THE SONG OF THE BORDER HOUNDS.

The hounds spread over the wine-dark lea,
See Wanderer feather and turn!
Wheeling, they gleam as foam on the burn
Or gulls o'er the tumbling sea.

They throw their tongues and the notes float back,
Yoi—yoi—yoi—
Streams the cry of joy,
The chant of the chasing pack.

Tally ho! Tally ho! Let the good mare go
To the song of the quivering scud!
The fire shall fly at her every bound,
The winds from her mane shall flow.

HOWARD PEASE.

ON Wednesday, at 70, Victoria Street, the President of the Board of Agriculture opened the new official Seed Testing Station for England and Wales. Its existence is due to an Order that has been drawn up under the Defence of the Realm Regulations. The rules are drastic, but he would be rash who called them unnecessary, because there is no doubt that the value of crops is very seriously deteriorated owing to the carelessness of many farmers as to the quality of the seed. A proportion of the more intelligent look out for seeds appropriate to the locality, and are also very keen about having them pure and of guaranteed germinating power. But others will as readily take seeds from a barn floor as from the shop of an expert, and the result is economical waste. There is waste in the amount of labour devoted to sowing and growing these seeds; waste of land which is devoted to very poor crops when possibly it could have given an increase of the first order. The only suggestion that we should like to see carried out with regard to the new Seed Testing Regulations is that they should be accompanied by educational effort. It is decidedly to the advantage of the farmer that seeds should be in all cases tested and guaranteed, but the thing is to get him to see that for himself, so that his whole-hearted co-operation may be secured.

SOLDIERS OF THE LAND

AT a luncheon of the British Empire Producers' Organisation last week Mr. Prothero delivered an address that ought to be printed verbatim and placed in the hands of everyone who is cultivating a garden or an estate within the British Islands. If words could bring home to them the facts of the situation likely to arise when war is over, this would be sufficient. But we do not believe that any but the most thoughtful portion of the population actually realises the position at the present moment. There is no apparent dearth of food. Covent Garden, on which the writer looks out as he writes these words, is full of splendid vegetables—potatoes, vegetable marrows, cabbages, celery, carrots—everything that the gardener grows, in apparent abundance. The farmer in the country does not in the slightest degree notice any indication of want. His stackyard is full of corn, his clamps full of potatoes. In store and outhouse he has gathered every kind of produce that will make him comfortable in the winter. Flocks of geese and turkeys, chickens in galore, herds of pigs, cows in the meadows and sheep in the folded field, seem to exorcise not only the spirit but the very suggestion of the possibility of want. On a smaller scale this applies equally to the cottage; for the man in the country set to with a will last year and produced far more than he ever did previously. Some words used by Mr. Prothero formed a great testimonial to the vigour of the British agriculturist. After he had pointed out that the power of the soil of Europe is failing, that regions remote from military operations are losing their fertility for lack of labour and manure, he still was able to say that the farmers rallied splendidly (in 1916) to the appeal of the Prime Minister and turned the decline into an advance. They had grown more wheat, barley, oats, peas and potatoes than in 1916, and that in face of the most tremendous discouragement owing to the weather, want of labour, want of fertilisers, and want of almost all the implements and materials of production. Of no other country in the world can as much as this be said. Yet Mr. Prothero directed himself chiefly to disturb the self-complacency of the farmers. The country cannot feel at ease if the increase of productivity in 1918 were yet greater than that in 1917. He does not put this forth as an opinion, but as a hard fact which there is no getting over. We started with an extraordinary handicap. Before the war

we had been accustomed to buy from the foreigner four-fifths of our bread supply. We grew one loaf out of five and trusted to feed 35,000,000 of our people from the foreign loaf. It had been our custom to import from abroad two-fifths of our meat supply, which meant, in the words of the Minister for Agriculture, "that some 18,000,000 of our people lived not on the roast beef of Old England, but on the beef produced in foreign countries." The figures give a clue to the colossal nature of the efforts required if we are to feed ourselves. For see what it means. Instead of producing one loaf out of five we must produce the whole of the five loaves or their value in food products. Instead of leaving two out of every five of the inhabitants of this country to live on imported meat, we must feed all five. But the cheery optimist will say: "When peace is declared we shall go back to our old markets"—and this is the worst hallucination of all. Some of our best foreign markets have been ruined past recovery within reasonable time. Russia, which supplied us with a very large portion of our wheat, can do so no longer; nor can the Balkan States. As to the other sources of supply, it must be recognised that the shortage of man power, like some fell disease, is spreading from country to country. Not even our Colonies, not even the United States of America, are immune from it. When war is over, food will not be produced in the quantities to which we have been accustomed. If it were, we should be in no position to import it. That there will be little cash in the national pocket was the first homely truth enunciated by Mr. Prothero in this connection. It may not be easy to find national credit. Then we shall have less manufactured products to exchange for the food. In fact, he said, "we should have to pay double for everything." If, for instance, we imported before the war 28,000,000 quarters of wheat and paid £50,000,000 for it, we would have to pay £100,000,000." Then, assuming for the sake of argument, that the food was there and we had the money to buy it, the transport difficulties would still be fatal to our doing so. If the country is to make a moderately quick revival after the war, shipping will be required, above all, to bring raw materials to our shores and to carry the manufactured articles. To divert it from this purpose to the conveyance of food would be to retard the recovery of prosperity. Peace will not bring plenty in a hurry.



HARROWING.

If Mr. Prothero had examined the situation as it must remain during the war, instead of confining himself mostly to dispelling the illusion that the return of peace would bring with it plentiful and cheap food, he would have made his cause yet stronger. The farmer who is rejoicing in his full granaries and potato pits does not feel as much as some of us do what the condition is of those millions of workers who live in town. It is not the feeding of the country men, but the feeding of the town men that constitutes the difficulty of the hour. They have to find money for every leaf of cabbage, for every ounce of potato that they eat, and the industrial army, depleted though it is by the war, is still so large that in the course of a few months—we will not specify how many—it would be able, even if rationed, to eat up all the supplies produced on English land, and unmitigated distress would reign for the rest of the year. We are saved from that calamity simply because the United States, with the aid of Canada and the Argentine, is making a special effort to supply this country with cereals for food. But the ability to do that is limited by another consideration. Most people are now agreed that there ought to be a general military staff for the Allies; that our fighting front ought to be considered not as made up of several fighting fronts,

That shortage would exist; submarine menace or no submarine menace, war or no war, it would continue. That was not a surmise or prophecy; it was a certainty of which we had been warned, a statement that rested upon figures, a fact that we had got to face." Now there is only one certain avenue of escape. Chance may possibly favour us or it may do the opposite. A run of good seasons, even an extra good harvest in the year following the war, might conceivably carry us over the worst of the difficulty. But that is chance, and in a matter of this kind we cannot afford to run any risks. The way of salvation is not to trust in good luck, but to set about the task of increased productivity with all diligence. It is a formidable one, because the leeway to be made up is so enormous. But, on the other hand, the food producing capacity of this country has not yet been fully tested.

It will be necessary to set about the cultivation of the land with even greater spirit and enterprise than was exhibited last year. Where good crops were grown, excellent crops must be sowed; where they were bad, they must be made good; where, as on the waste, there was no crop, means must be found to grow one. It will be advisable to urge the farmer to set aside once and for ever any prejudice



SOWING WITH A SEED-DRILL.

that of France, Belgium, Italy, Palestine and so on, but that for staff purposes they should be regarded as the Allied Front, as one front, dominated by one head directing its resources to a common object. But if this be true of armies, it is equally true of food. A nation cannot fight unless it is fed. Therefore this country cannot expect to absorb all the excess production of the world. Our good Allies, France and Italy, have both had their production lessened greatly by the war. Next week we hope to publish an authoritative statement showing the exact position of France, and to follow that afterwards by another dealing in similar terms with Italy. In the meantime it is enough to point out that the supply of wheat from abroad, which would have been ample for the purposes of the United Kingdom, is little enough when it has to furnish France and Italy as well. Therefore it is plain that a very tight situation is likely to arise in regard to wheat before the winter is over, and what happens now is nothing to what is likely to occur in the course of the next few years, whether the war is ended or not.

Mr. Prothero put that position with almost brutal directness in a passage which is worth quoting. He said: "There would be a shortage in the supplies of food throughout the world in 1918, and for some considerable period afterwards,

he has against the use of the tractor plough or other machinery. As long as the work is done, it does not matter how or what is employed. Machinery will do it quickly and thus procure for the farmer opportunity to make the greatest use of such fine days as the winter gives him. And machinery to a large extent will enable us to get along with such labour as we have. It is in our opinion hopeless at this stage of the war to agitate for a return on any extensive scale of men to the plough. The final bout, when every ounce of strength will be needed by the Army, is not far off, and victory in the field is the first essential. But we can make the best possible use of such forces as are at disposal. Machinery is one, woman labour is another; the help even of children must not be despised, to say nothing of those who before the war were failing and considered past work. Every possible exertion must be made if the country is to be saved from the spectre of famine.

Let us not be mistaken, however. Great Britain so far has held her own as a productive power among the other nations. The best accounts show that Germany is already in greater stress, and the demands upon her man power for aircraft and ammunition must be immense during the months to come.

P.

HOW TO RESTORE FRENCH ORCHARDS

IT has been announced that an influential committee, consisting, among others of, Colonel Sir David Prain of Kew, Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell and Lord Kerry, has been formed for the purpose of obtaining funds for the restoration of the orchards, fruit farms and nursery gardens in the devastated portions of Northern France, Belgium, Poland, Serbia and Rumania. It is estimated that about £1,000,000 will be required to achieve this work of reconstruction. In the meanwhile that energetic and most useful organisation the Agricultural Relief of Allies

Committee has already despatched some 9,000 trees for planting in France. To one, like the writer, who has recently paid a visit to France for the special purpose of learning what plans were afoot for restoring to prosperity the regions that have been laid waste in war, the proposal is welcome and interesting. Some account of the impressions and information garnered during that visit may be timely. No description in the newspapers brought home to me so vividly as a personal visit did the heavy hand which has been laid upon these regions. The one phrase which kept rising in the mind and ever

coming to the lips was the Scriptural one, "There shall not be left one stone standing upon another." Before the war the region was one of the most fertile in France. Agricultural authorities assured me that the best crops of wheat in the country were raised on the wide flat plains. The land at present is growing only thistles and other weeds. The ruin here differs entirely from that seen in such war-battered towns as Rheims and Verdun. These have been smashed and knocked about by shells and bombs till they are but ruins of what they once were. Still, there are houses standing untouched amid the general destruction, and they still are at least the shells of towns. But, to take for example the district round Noyon, not only have the streets been wrecked by fire and shell, but before leaving them the Germans went methodically through a course of destruction, blowing up roofs, gathering up implements into a heap for burning, and employing a kind of battering ram for breaking down the walls. So that, to recur again to the phrase that keeps welling up like the burden of a song, there is really not one stone left to stand upon another.

More may be said about that hereafter. The main point to-day is to direct attention to what has actually been done by the Germans in the way of ruining gardens, orchards and nurseries. Those who have been in the country in peacetime will remember the rows of apple and pear trees that are grown along the straight roads running between unhedged fields. They will remember, too, the groups of plantations of trees in the fields, as well as the orchards and gardens near the pretty rustic houses characteristic of that French

district. In preparation for evacuation, the German soldiers appear to have been ordered out with axe and saw to level these trees with the ground. Whether it is that nobody has found time to remove them or that the ruined trees are preserved as a monument to German brutality, there they are lying as they fell. Some, and these the most slender, have been clean sawn through; others cut with an axe; a few have been attacked with both axe and saw. But there they lie dead. Whatever there was of nursery or garden has been swept away. Even the hutches where the rabbits were kept have not escaped destruction. If one recognises that these represent the chief elements in *la petite-culture*, in which a considerable proportion of the inhabitants were engaged, it will not come as a surprise that the French officer commanding in the district told me nothing had so angered and embittered his *poilus*. They accepted the rest as a natural outcome of the war—and what an extraordinary "rest" it was! One has to go far back to find anything to compare with it. After Bannockburn the Scots used to raid the adjacent parts of England, so that for years it was impossible to raise crops, and the houses were so systematically destroyed that the buildings of wood and stone were ultimately replaced by turf and wattle. The desolation there in the fourteenth century must have been comparable to the desolation produced in the twentieth century by a nation which counts itself cultured beyond most. And what was worse than damage to property was the carrying away into captivity of the whole population, excepting such as were too old to work. Into what various regions they have been scattered no one knows. Very few have found their way back. It was, however, the preparation for subsequent misery that inflamed the soldiery. I could see their eyes harden and shine like steel at the bare mention, and one effect has been that the French Army will not be content with any end of this war which is not consummated on the further bank of the Rhine.

Lieutenant Truffaut, with a touch of satire, remarked that the Germans who had gone out to wreak mischief on the peaceful inhabitants had unwittingly done them a good turn. Many have preached for years that the time had come to destroy and replant the orchards. They were much too old for grafting. The varieties grown were not good and, besides, it is inimical to modern systems of cultivation to have groups of trees in the middle of a field. They only put difficulties in the way of ploughing, difficulties that will be greatly accentuated when the tractor plough comes into more general use. He agreed with other experts with whom I had an opportunity of conversation that the better plan was to set



MUTILATION IN THE AISNE VALLEY.



RUINED WITH AXE AND SAW.

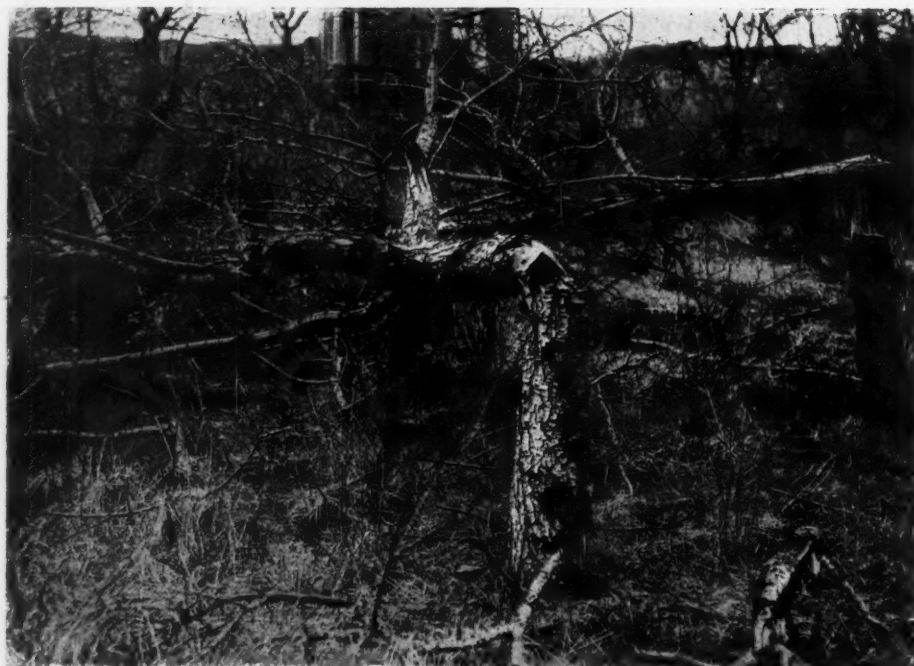
Aisne Valley Orchard.



FRUIT TREES ON THE ROAD TO LASSIGNY.



DEVASTATION ON THE SOMME.



A SHATTERED ORCHARD (AISNE).

about the planting of new trees, which should be chosen with special regard to their suitability to the soil and the district, and to their usefulness. For many years it has been pointed out in vain to the French peasant, just as it has been to English farmers and gardeners, that the old mossy trees, picturesque though they may be, which are usually found in both countries, could advantageously be replaced by young saplings of the best varieties. But the French peasant is every bit as conservative as the British farmer. As long as his trees carried annually a certain amount of ill grown apples that he could make into a very indifferent cider, nothing would persuade him to remove them. He was equally deaf to the argument that cultivation would be easier if the trees were removed from the middle of the field and planted along the sides. Out of evil comes good. A plan has been formed for reconstructing these orchards on an entirely new basis, and the kindly co-operation of the British public will, we imagine, be given with the generosity and promptitude usual to our race. It is a mistake to send trees from this country to France. For one thing, if this were to be done on a great scale a very large amount of tonnage would be required for the purpose; and in the next place, fruit trees and, indeed, all sorts of trees can be purchased more cheaply in France than in Great Britain. Mr. Bramwell gives an illustration from his own experience. He says that in his English garden there is "a thriving young yew hedge grown of plants which I got from France some eight years ago and which cost me, including carriage, about twopence each. I do not think they could have been bought in England for less than 1s.; and the same nursery, which is one of the most famous in France, and outside the war-zone, had fruit trees of all the favourite French sorts, at proportionately low prices." Lieutenant Truffaut, who is nothing if not thorough and business-like, has made enquiry, and finds that there are 1,800,000 young fruit trees available in the French nurseries, and he is using all his influence to get these transferred to the orchards and gardens that have been devastated by the Hun. He says that the price averages about 2s. each, and it would therefore seem to be the preferable course to buy these trees

in France, especially as the varieties are such as are known to be favoured in that country. Those in Great Britain or elsewhere who desire to help in this work,

can do so by providing the funds. We imagine that this is well understood by the Committee of which Lord Kerry is the spokesman.

PALESTINE FOR THE JEWS

By ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

THE pronouncement of the British Government in favour of the programme of the Zionists, "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people," a pronouncement in which Mr. Balfour voiced not only the views of the British Government, but also those of our Allies, makes at once the question of the restoration of the Jews to Palestine one of living general interest. Despite innumerable books on the subject—every modern visitor to Palestine seems to have written a book on his return home—very little is really known of the land. For most visitors Palestine has only an archaeological or a religious interest. They have no eyes except for the holy places. They keep to the beaten tracks and look neither to the right nor to the left. As a consequence the hills around Jerusalem and the Judæan Desert are to them typical of the land, and their population consists solely of Greek and Latin priests, old and worn-out Jews living for the most part on charity, come to Palestine to spend their last years there, and Arabs and Bedouin generally. But in reality these form merely the husk of the population. The germinating seed, the living, progressive, advancing population, does not live in the holy cities or at the centres of archaeological interest. The Jewish inhabitants whom these tourists and pilgrims meet form the old population; they belong to the past. The new Jewish population, which, during the past thirty-five years, has been engaged in turning a desert—not a barren, but a deserted region—into a land flowing again with milk and honey, is unknown to them, and therefore in their imagination does not exist. Baedeker and the other guide-books make no mention of Petach-Tikvah (the Gate of Hope), Zichron Jacob (the Memorial of Jacob), Rischon le Zion (the First in Zion) and the forty other smiling colonies which in the course of one generation have transformed the face of the land. Even Tel Aviv (the Vale of Health), the modern Jewish quarter of Jaffa, described by the British Vice-Consul in his last report as "the only part of the

town showing any approach to the civilised conditions of an European town," receives at the most mere mention in the guide books. Yet the development of this new Palestine is more marvellous even than the preservation of the identity of the ancient sites. The people who are restoring the land to humanity are not as other colonists. They are men and women who have had no previous experience of agriculture anywhere. They were students, pedlars, artisans, merchants, men who had passed all their lives within the narrow walls of a ghetto, a prison of the body and of the soul, where their ancestors had for centuries been cooped up by oppressive legislation. They came to Palestine ignorant of the elements of agriculture or the open air life, strangers to the land and its people, with whose language they were unacquainted, with insufficient means properly to equip themselves, objects of suspicion to the none too friendly natives, ignorant of the measures necessary to meet climatic conditions altogether different from those of the lands from which they came. With such material, success was in ordinary eyes impossible.

In the land also the difficulties to be overcome were apparently insuperable. The soil was not naturally barren, although its products were of the slightest. Twenty centuries of misgovernment, growing every year worse, have left their mark. Devastated by twenty hostile invasions, a land which its owners hated and its cultivators feared, Palestine, once a garden and granary of the world, has been deliberately destroyed in so far as a land can be destroyed. Over long periods the peasants never cultivated more than the minimum extent of land necessary to keep them alive, for they knew that any surplus would be seized either by the Government or by marauding Bedouin from whom the Government neglected to protect them. The area even of the land was gradually diminishing through the encroachments of the sea-shore and the desert, against which not the most elementary precautions were taken. The forest



A PASTORAL SCENE (SOLOMON'S POOLS NEAR BETHLEHEM).

which once half covered the land had been cut down by the enemy and by the native, and for every new tree that was planted a tax was imposed.

Such conditions might well damp the warmest enthusiasm. But faith overcomes all difficulties, the

spirit of nationality is immortal. One short generation has proved that Russo-Jewish pedlars and tailors can make successful agriculturists, that a forlorn desert can once again be made to blossom as a rose.

Rischoon le Zion, a village of some 3,000 acres, housing about twelve hundred souls, with its vineyards, its orange groves, its almonds and its olives, its figs, pomegranates, mulberries, citrons and other fruits, its fields of barley, of corn, of sesame and of water-melons, and its droves of cattle, lies amid sandy and uninhabited wastes, of which the site of the village formed part until the settlement of the Jewish colonists. In Petach Tikvah the value of land has risen from £3 10s. to £35 an acre in the course of twenty-five years, and the taxation received by the Government from £80 to £3,600 in the course of thirty years. The Arabs employed in the colony earn in normal times about £40,000 a year in wages. The suspicion which the newcomers, here as elsewhere, once aroused in them has long since passed away, and it is no uncommon event for Arab litigants to apply to the Jewish courts set up in the colonies, quite independent of the central Government, to adjudicate in their disputes. Once there may have been doubt whether the prosperity of Palestine could again be revived and whether Jewish colonists were the people to perform the miracle. The history of the past thirty-five years has solved that doubt for ever.

It must not be thought that as a consequence, immediate or remote, of the re-establishment of the Jewish national home in Palestine there will be a great Jewish immigration into the Holy Land. The Jewish population of Palestine will increase—before the outbreak of the war it amounted to about 125,000 as against about 500,000 Moslem Arabs, settled and nomadic, and about 90,000 Christians, natives, European priests, monks, etc., and German colonists—and under favourable conditions the Jews will most probably in the course of a generation or two comprise the majority of the inhabitants. As it is, the Jewish is the only element in the population that increases; the others are at the best stationary. The war has reduced the numbers of all three groups, but it is the Jewish that will most easily and most quickly recover. The expelled Jews are even now awaiting in the neighbouring lands the first opportunity to return. The Jewish, apart from the small German population, is also the only progressive element in the country. The others, at the most, keep themselves alive; the Jews provide themselves with comforts and even with luxuries and, at the same time, raise the standard of living and the prosperity of the whole



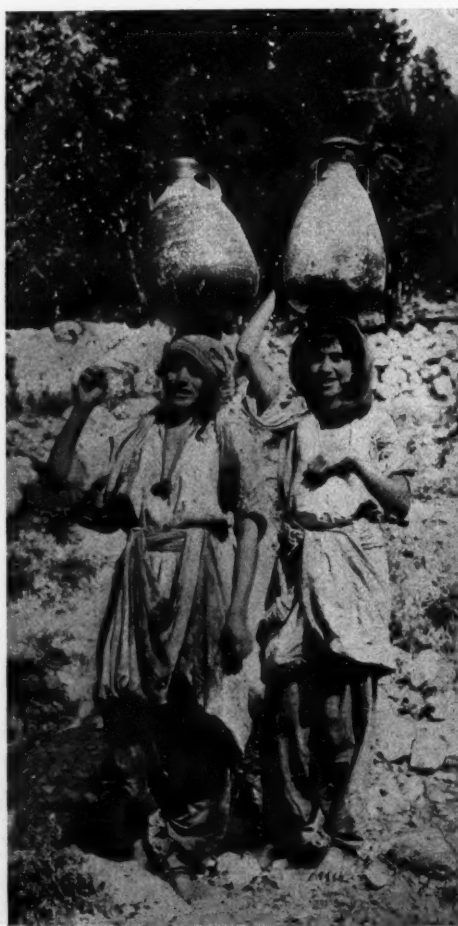
A BEDOUIN ENCAMPMENT AT ASCALON.

population. The Jewish immigrants into Palestine have displaced none of the population already there. They made their homes in the desert which they reclaimed. They brought waste lands into cultivation and there is still room for hundreds of thousands of

new settlers before the question of inconveniencing or pressing the existing population can arise. A conservative estimate of the capacity of Palestine is three to four million souls. Three millions is but a quarter of the Jewish population of the world. The majority of the Jews can therefore never settle within the present boundaries of Palestine. They must remain dispersed among the nations of the world, as is the case of the Greeks and the Irish to-day. But the fact that the majority of men and women of Greek blood or of Irish blood are subjects of states other than Greece or Ireland does not make Greece or Ireland any the less the Greek or the Irish homeland, the centre of the Greek and Irish spirit and civilisation. Just the same with a majority of men and women of the Jewish race and religion, subjects of the European and American States, Palestine can still be the Jewish homeland, the centre of Judaism, of the Jewish spirit and the Jewish civilisation. That this will be so is already shown by the Hebrew Renaissance that the past few years have witnessed. In their course Hebrew has once again become a living language, the first in which baby lips lisp, with which the mother comforts her child, in which youth woos maiden; as well as the language of scholarship, of prayer

and also of commerce. The relative handful of Jewish settlers have constructed a complete system of Hebrew education, ranging from the kindergarten to the high school and the technical college, and only the outbreak of war prevented the opening of a Hebrew University at Jerusalem, the plans of which had been well advanced. Text books in all subjects were being produced in Hebrew. A training college for Hebrew-speaking teachers had been formed; a professional society of Hebrew teachers was in existence; the Hebrew Press, learned as well as popular, was developing and expanding in all directions. The regeneration of Palestine by the Jews is not only material, it is moral also.

The establishment of a national home for the Jewish people does not mean the creation of an independent Jewish state. This is far beyond the desires of the Zionists. What it means is the settlement of a Jewish nationality in Palestine just as there is a Dutch South African nationality in South Africa or a French Canadian nationality in Quebec. This is the ultimate goal—the status of a self-governing community as a part of a liberal empire such as that of Britain. But there is an intermediate stage during which the Jewish nationality will form itself, a stage through which all the self-governing communities of the British Empire have passed, and during this stage the need of



WATER-CARRIERS OF TO-DAY.

the support, the advice, the encouragement of a great and generous people will be needed even more than in the later stage. Britain has announced to the world

that she has taken the Jewish people under her protection. Britain will not prematurely withdraw her protecting hand.

PASSCHENDAELE

(Illustrated with recent German photographs.)

IN France in the early part of October it was most interesting to notice the keen anxiety with which expert military eyes watched the progress made by Sir Douglas Haig. The French are not such newspaper readers as we are, yet they simply rushed to the morning journals to find out what progress the British Army had made, and the word that came oftenest to their lips was "Passchendaele." "If they get that," one went so far as to say, "the game is won. The Germans cannot hold Belgium afterwards." We neither endorse that opinion nor contradict it, but a study of the recent proceedings of the British Army gives point to the remark that, restricted as the objects are which Sir Douglas Haig has set himself to achieve, they fall in and belong to a well devised plan. "When the board is set," remarked a military authority to the writer, "and two strong players are opposed to one another, you do not expect a crash, as when a rook player is opposed to a champion. The first manoeuvres are made in order to gain position, and in real war, as well as in its mimic counterpart, position is everything. When the pieces of one player are well developed so that they occupy the commanding spots and are well backed up one by the other, the experienced player can easily see the end of the game, even though the pieces on each side are numerically the same. But what gives them a clue is that one party has been thrust into a state of defence and the development of his pieces has been obstructed. Many of the most powerful are of no avail because they are forbidden any field of operation. The point is that Sir Douglas Haig has so far been playing for position and has won it. Wherever one goes on the fronts, the relative position of the opposing armies is reversed. Whereas at the beginning of trench warfare the Germans held the heights and therefore commanded the lines of the British Army on the plains, to-day it is the British Army which holds the commanding positions and the Germans who are forced down to the watery plains. It is so in a marked degree at Vimy Ridge, where the observation posts of the British Army command a wide sweep of the surrounding country and of



THE RUINED CHURCH AT PASSCHENDAELE.

the German lines entrenched in it. At Verdun, again, the French have thrust the Germans behind the dune-like ridges, so that they have no aid from direct sight, but must trust wholly to their aeroplanes for locating the situation of the hostile guns. Sir Douglas Haig has had a formidable task in establishing a similar position on the Belgian front. Not only were the points of vantage occupied by the enemy, but the German leaders had been fully alive to the fact that on the possession of those ridges which one by one have been captured by the valour and dogged persistency of the British Army lay their hopes of retaining Belgium. And that was by no means all. Belgium in itself is probably not esteemed of the highest value by the Germans, who are well aware that they could not retain it except by gross outrage upon the public opinion of the world. They transgressed the law of nations in attacking it, and were they to persist in retaining their hold, they would but lay up the seeds of another great and devastating war. But what does count enormously in their calculations is that this part of the country supplies them with an outlet for their submarines. The task of forcing a retreat from Zeebrugge and the bank of the Scheldt has become infinitely more within the grasp

of the British Army since Passchendaele and the heights beside it have been captured. That was the real reason for the solicitude of the French military authorities. They hold that Passchendaele is the key to the German positions, and that after it has been gained the task of unlocking the Hun grip upon Flanders must become comparatively simple. They know and we all know that the Germans will not lightly relax their hold. The force and desperation of their counter attacks give the best indication of the importance they attach to this ground. But if they were not able to hold the heights, it seems only logical to believe that they can be ousted from the hollows with comparative ease.



A MOONLIGHT VIEW OF THE PASSCHENDAELE CANAL.

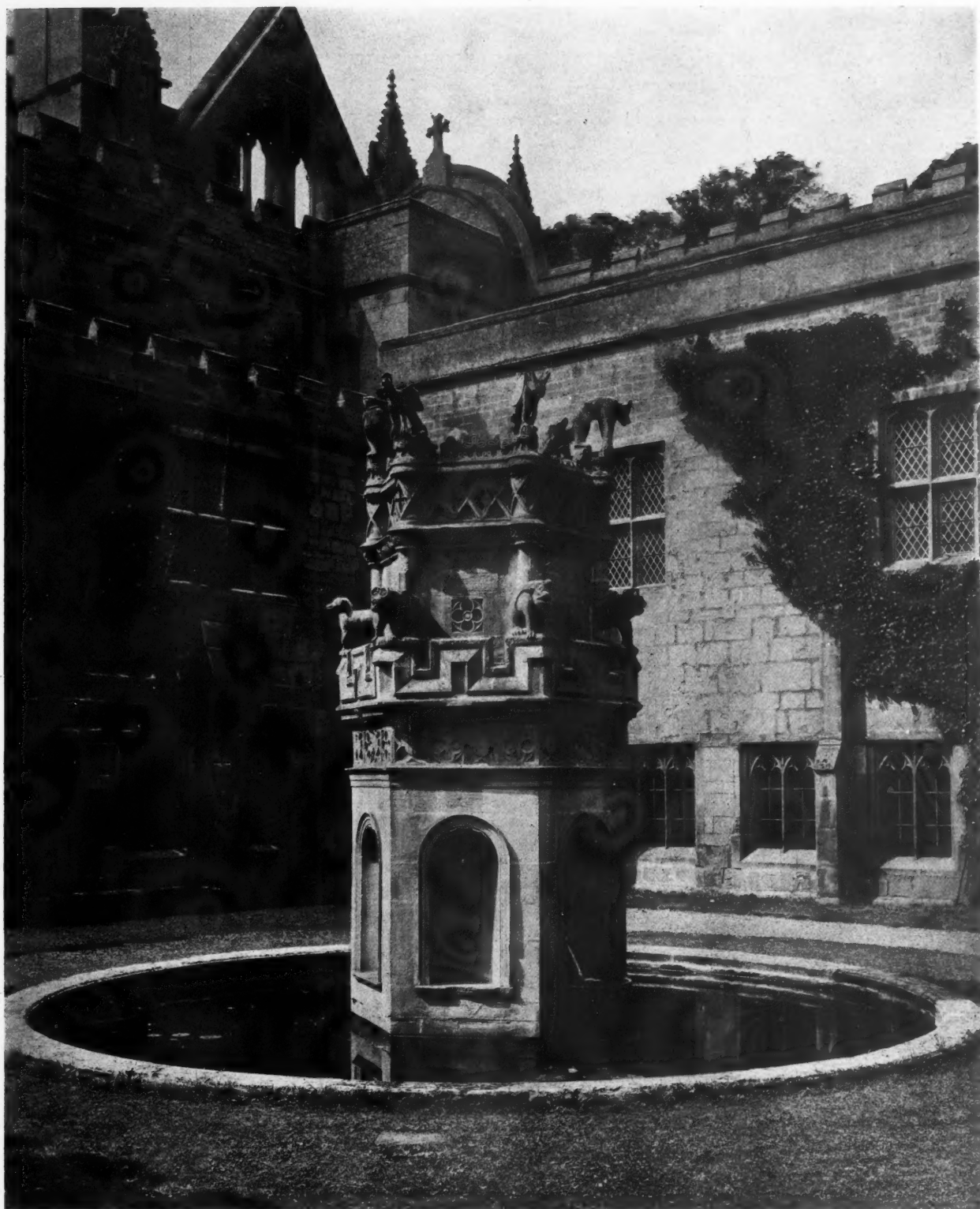


NEWSTEAD ABBEY is one of the most romantic of the great houses of the Midlands. All the most attractive qualities of high romance are to be found there in generous profusion. It has rich beauty of situation among secluded woods and lakes. It has a loveliness of form in the exquisite west front of the old Priory Church, which moved to reverence even so mocking a sceptic as Byron. It has gardens, old and new, which bear eloquent witness to the loving care with which they are tended. It has stately terraces. Genius has dwelt there. Life has been lived there to the full. And over all there is an air of proud distinction mingled with a strong brooding sense of mystery and the inevitableness of fate. The air of Newstead vibrates with the intensity of poetic feeling; it is heavy with the sadness of lost causes. Legends are natural to its soil.

Nothing of the Abbey itself can be seen from the public highway. The estate is skirted on the one side by the high road from Nottingham to Mansfield; on the other three separate lines of railway run crowded close together in a shallow valley, now abandoned to the coal mines, which have very effectually ruined the natural beauty of the scene. At the entrance gates on the Mansfield Road stands the noble Pilgrim Oak, practically the sole survivor of the woods which were ruthlessly cut down a century and a half ago. This tree was saved by the public spirit of a number of Mansfield gentlemen who subscribed its price among themselves and bought its life from its impecunious owner. The carriage drive winds its way for a long mile through a pleasant park until it issues at the side of the stables and the great lake, and the famous west front of Newstead stands revealed in all its beauty. One sees at a glance the broad outline

of its history—a monastic institution ruthlessly suppressed and the site appropriated for a "baronial mansion." That was the fate of many of the religious houses in the Midlands—Welbeck, Rufford, Thurgarton, just to mention some of Newstead's nearest neighbours—but while at Welbeck and Rufford nothing was left above ground of the fabric of the despoiled abbeys, here we have to thank Sir John Byron, who came into legal possession of Newstead and all its belongings in 1540, for leaving to future ages the exquisite west front of the Priory. What moved him to spare so much we do not know. He set about the work of destruction in such a cold-blooded manner that it is strange that he did not level this also to the ground. What he wanted was a house for himself and his family, and with that end in view, he spared the Priory Cloister and the conventual buildings round it, and that is the clue to the rather puzzling fabric of Newstead as it stands to-day. But on the great church, 257ft. long, he had no pity, and he pulled down so deliberately that he did not leave so much as the bases of the pillars in the aisles. One passes for the first time through the lovely west door expecting at least to find a few masses of masonry, a broken column or two, or the fragment of a tower. Yet there is nothing but the smooth, green turf. All is gone. The west front is a mere mask, with nothing behind. And so, at first, it is hard to believe that that graceful monument yonder, of which we shall speak later, marks the site of the high altar at the east end. It seems impossible that a church of such stately and magnificent proportions could have wholly disappeared, leaving only one glorious and almost perfect fragment. Let us be glad, however, that this has been so wonderfully preserved. Anyone who compares the illustrations in the text (Figs. 3 and 4) with Buck's





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2.—THE CLOISTERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

engraving in 1726 will see that it has hardly lost a single stone. It is one of the finest examples of its kind, of the best workmanship of the period of Edward I. The tracery of the great middle window has gone, but that of the windows on either side is uninjured, and the clustered slender columns of the double doorway have been happily spared. But Byron has described the picture once and for all:

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart,
 In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle.
 These last had disappeared—a loss to art;
 The first yet frowned superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourned the power of time's or tempest's march
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

Within a niche, nigh to a pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone,
 But three had fallen—not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne:
 When each house was a fortalice, as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone—
 The gallant Cavaliers who fought in vain
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

But in a higher niche, alone but crowned,
 The virgin-mother of the God-born child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, looked round,
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled:
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine



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3.—PERSPECTIVE OF WEST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

4.—OLD DOORWAY TO ABBEY LEADING TO GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
Through which the deepened glories once could enter,
Streaming from off the sun like seraphs' wings,
Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
Lie with their hallelujahs quenched like fire.

But in the noontide of the moon, and when
The wind is winged from one point of heaven,
There moans a strange unearthly sound, which then
Is musical—a dying accent driven
Through the huge arch, which soars and sinks again.
Some deem it but the distant echo given
Back to the night wind by the waterfall
And harmonised by the old choral wall.

The history of the old Priory of Newstead—for Priory it was, and never an Abbey—may be sketched in a few lines. It was founded in 1170 by Henry II, in the fond hope of

at its side, and a dial above it. The present Gothic porch on the ground level is less than a century old. The engravings of the eighteenth century show a flight of steps leading to an entrance on the first floor. A writer who visited the place in Byron's time speaks of "a heavy grated door and porch opening into the Great Hall quite in the antique style." This old porch now serves as the door leading to the French garden on the east side (small wing). Again, in the poet's time the domestic offices began immediately to the right of the entrance steps, and a group of lofty elms overshadowed the corner which is now occupied by Shaw's round windows—which give light to the modern grand staircase—and by the Sussex Tower which rises from its side. This will show how very much changed the present west front of Newstead is, not merely from that of Sir John Byron, but from that of his poet successor. The more modern parts of Newstead face south towards the garden lake and east over the so-called Spanish garden. When Shaw remodelled the place he swept away the raised entrance and



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5.—GUESTEN CHAMBER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

expiating his share in the crime of the murder of Thomas à-Becket, and occupied by a community of Black Augustinian Canons. Theirs was not a celebrated house, and fame did not find them. But they rebuilt their Norman church and house on a glorious scale, and the geometrical beauty of their west front is their best memorial. In 1540 the Priory and all its lands and belongings passed into the possession of Sir John Byron of Colwick, near Nottingham, for the sum of £800.

The remaining part of the west front (as seen in Fig. 3) requires some explanation, for very little remains as it was when Sir John Byron finished his house. The two small oriel windows, one above the other, mark two interesting rooms. The lower one is called the Prior's Parlour; the upper room was Byron's bedroom and study, and in it he wrote one or two cantos of "Childe Harold." The three tall windows which come next are those of the Great Hall, re-fashioned by Sir John. These windows, however, only date from the restoration which John Shaw carried out for Colonel Wildman in 1828. Buck's engraving shows one tall window only, with another of different style and size

opened out a new Gothic porch, turning into an entrance hall on the left an ancient crypt-like room of the old Priory, beneath the Great Hall, and making a new grand staircase to the right leading to the modern apartments.

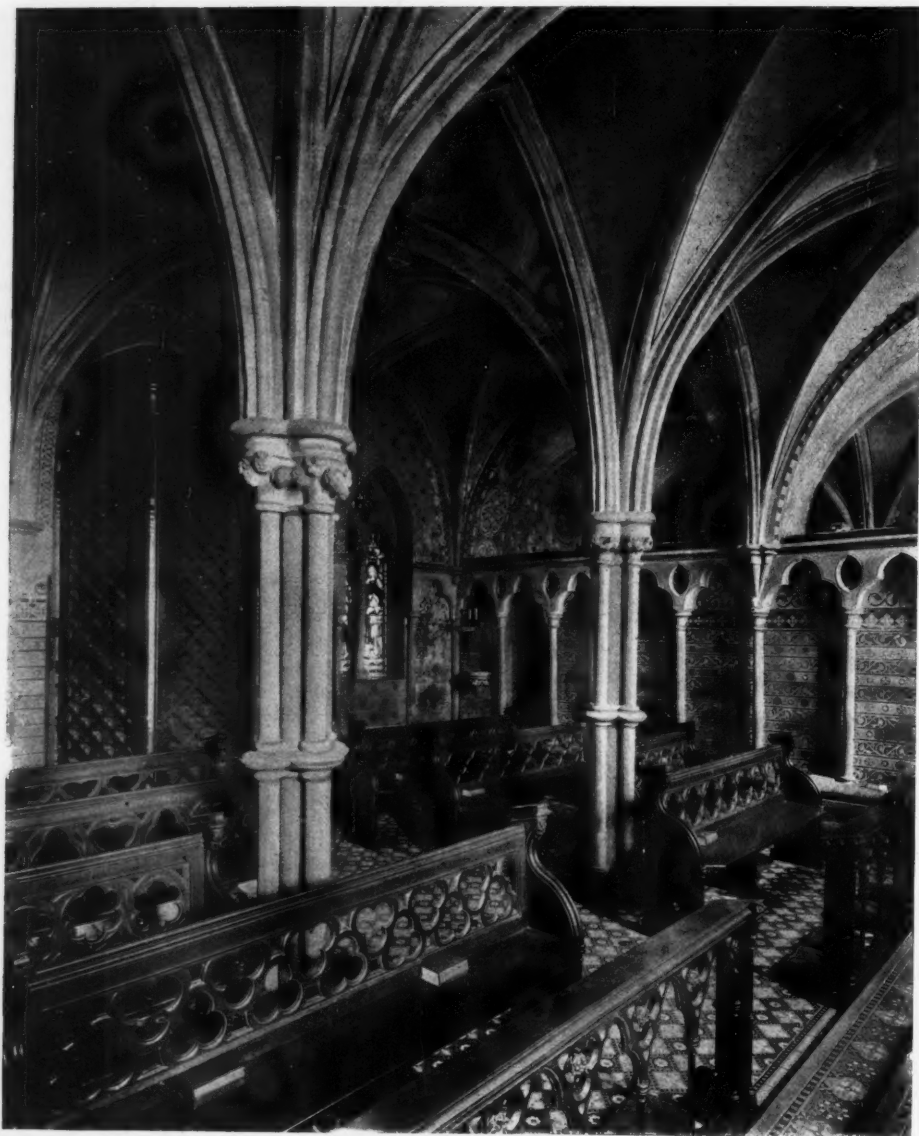
With these preliminary observations we may enter the house. What now serves as entrance hall is a vaulted apartment 47ft. by 23ft., with a low groined roof and pointed arches springing from plain octagon shafts. It is similar in general character to the larger Guesten Chamber shown in Fig. 5. Beyond are a small chamber called the Monk's Parlour, beneath the Prior's Parlour, and a staircase by which one reaches the chamber floor. Here is the library, a long corridor-like room taking up the whole north side above the cloister garth, with a range of windows opening into the garth, and another range looking out upon the smooth turf of the great church. This library is said to be haunted by the daylight ghost of Sir John Byron, who sits quietly in a chair beneath his portrait without disturbing the company—a friendly and companionable shade. Broad corridors run round the other three sides of the cloister garth. On the west side is the Great Hall. Including the minstrel's



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6.—INTERIOR OF SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

7.—INTERIOR OF CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

gallery, this is 64ft. long, and its height, 36ft., is the same as its breadth. It is panelled in oak with a fine oak roof dated 1623, and has a Gothic oak screen in three partitions. There are three large recessed windows, and the fireplace is of plain stone. For decoration the hall depends mainly upon its own beauty, though a few trophies of game and pieces of armour adorn the walls. As has been said, this hall was very freely restored by Shaw. In the poets' time it was in a ruinous state—"deserted and forlorn"—and, like the rest of Newstead, it was fast falling into decay. Byron and his friends used it for pistol practice and boxing rather than for dining. From the Great Dining Hall we pass into the Prior's Parlour, and here we are back in Tudor days at a step. This was used by Byron as a dining-room, and later as a breakfast-room. It is panelled in black oak, which has the authentic look of venerable age, and it has a deep panelled ceiling; but its chief adornment is the remarkable overmantel shown in Fig. 9. This is contemporary with the original work of Sir John Byron and is the finest of a group of four similar overmantels at Newstead. It bears the date 1556, and displays the arms and crest of the Byrons in the centre panel. The interpretation of the other panels is purely conjectural. An old description boldly speaks of "Henry VIII and two of his concubines"—evidently alluding to the three middle effigies in the lowest tier—but it seems more likely that the bearded worthy in the Tudor hat who occupies the place of honour is Sir John Byron himself. The three heads in the uppermost panel project far out from their setting. These heads appear again in the overmantel in the Edward III room, and are supposed to represent a Saracen, a Knight and a Christian maiden. The explanatory legend, however, varies according to the imagination of the story-teller. A small secret chamber lies behind the panelling in the south-west angle of the room.

The old state bedchambers are reached from the eastern corridor. They bear the names of Edward III, Henry VII and Charles II, three of the monarchs who are reputed to have enjoyed the hospitality of Newstead. In the Edward III room hang panel portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Tudor, Henry VIII and Edward VI. The tapestries, for which these rooms were famous, have recently been removed. The

furniture is of rich black oak, but, unless the sun is shining through the windows, the main impression created is of ponderous magnificence and uneasy slumber. The southern corridor gives access to the Great Drawing Room, or Saloon, shown in Fig. 6. This, in Newstead's conventual days, was the Refectory. It is a charming, well proportioned room, 75ft. by 35ft., looking out over lovely gardens towards the Garden Lake. The ceiling, slightly curved, is of fine plasterwork of Italian craftsmanship, set in richly decorated panels of oak. There are several pictures of Georgian royalty, but these are of small interest compared with the well known portrait of Byron, painted by Phillips. The mantelpiece shown in Fig. 8, is composed of rich marbles, the centre-piece illustrating in relief the story of Androcles and the lion. The busts at the sides are those of Demosthenes and Cicero. The room contains among other attractive *objets d'art* a very valuable table of Italian marble mosaic. In Colonel Wildman's day Byron's famous skull cup was preserved in this room in a cabinet. This was the cup which Byron fashioned out of a skull which he dug up at Newstead, the edge being bound by a broad rim of silver. It was set on a silver stand and used to be filled with claret and passed round after dinner when the poet entertained company.

Start not, nor deem my spirit fled,
In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

This *macabre* and ghoulish trophy, however, is no longer above ground. It was reverently buried by Mrs. Webb many years ago, and the place where it lies is known only to one person now living. Suffice it to say that it lies deep, and that its repose is never likely again to be disturbed.

The rooms which Byron himself chiefly occupied are situated on the floor above and are approached by a spiral stone staircase. They are immediately over the Prior's Parlour and their furniture remains as Byron left it after he had fitted them up to his own taste. The poet, however, did not take the precaution to see that the roof was rain-proof and that the walls would resist damp, and so his wall-papers came to trouble, and the coronets and eagles which he affected for his bedstead have rather a dingy look. The furniture and the prints, like some of the personal relics in one of the corridors, are a little disappointing, but there is the round table at which he sat and worked, and the bed in which he slept, and there is the lovely view from the window which gladdened his eyes whenever he raised them to look without. A turret stair leads from these apartments to a chamber called alternatively the Monk or the Death Chamber. It has an ancient window looking down into the empty space where the great church stood, and the story is that when the conventual inmates were near their end they were brought into this room that they might listen to the music of the Mass. If they were indeed dying, their end was likely to be hastened by being carried up that winding stair. Scandal says that this room in Byron's day was occupied by his page, and that the page was much too girlish to be a boy; but scandal and legend run riot at Newstead, and the story of the page is no more likely to be true than that of the Black Friar, who was also reputed to make this room his

headquarters. The appearance of the Black Friar foreboded evil to the lord of Newstead, and Byron said that the apparition came to him just before his luckless marriage with Miss Milbanke.

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar
Who sitteth by Norman stone,
For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air
And his Mass of the days that are gone.

And now let us descend to the cloisters themselves! They are small and have two tiers of windows. Fig. 2 shows the cloister garth at one of its most attractive angles, with the pinnacles of the west front showing above the upper storey. In the centre is the fountain described in "Don Juan."

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
Symmetrical but decked with carvings quaint,
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint.
The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man's vain glory and his vainer troubles.



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8.—CHIMNEYPiece IN SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

An interesting story is told of Mr. Gladstone in connection with this fountain when he visited Newstead as the guest of Mr. Webb. On going into the cloisters he remembered Byron's lines and began to quote them. His memory, however, failed him and he stopped. Thereupon Mr. Webb's eldest daughter, the present owner of Newstead, ran to fetch a copy of the poem, and, putting it into Mr. Gladstone's hand, asked him to recite the whole passage, which he did with great spirit and feeling.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells too and refectory, I ween.
An exquisite small chapel had been able
Still unimpaired to decorate the scene:
The rest had been reformed, replaced or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.

The history of the fountain or water conduit is obscure. The engravings of the eighteenth century show that it stood in the open between the great lake and the entrance steps. By whom it was moved from its original site in the cloister is

not known: if Byron's words "Amidst the court," refer to the cloister, as they naturally seem to do, the fountain must have been restored by himself to its original position.

In the cloisters stands a tablet containing a list of all the old Priors of Newstead. It was erected a few years ago by the late Lady Chermiside and dedicated to their memory by the late Bishop Brindle of Nottingham. "The exquisite small

chapel," to which Byron alludes, is on the east side of the cloisters, and was originally connected by a slype with the south transept of the great church. This chapel is the old Early English chapter-house, and is no more than 24ft. square. Its groined roof is supported by two columns of clustered and banded pillars, and against the walls is a beautiful arcade. The raised chamber-like pew of the family takes up one entire side of the chapel. The decoration and the tiling were carried out some fifty years ago. When Byron succeeded to his inheritance he found the chapel used as a place for storing hay, and took no steps to restore it to the use



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9.—DETAIL OF OVERMANTEL IN BREAKFAST-ROOM.

"C.L."

for which Sir John Byron had preserved it. It is now one of the most beautiful little private chapels in the land.

Adjoining the chapel, in the south-eastern corner of the cloisters, is a vaulted chamber, once the Prior's Lodging. It is now used as a small dining-room, but its loud echoes are said to make it unsuitable for the lively conversation of a large party. Along the south side of the cloisters and beneath the Great Drawing-Room is the old

Guesten Chamber (71ft. by 35ft.), whose vaulted roof is supported by six stone columns. It is warmed from a great stone fireplace (Fig. 5). Such are the principal rooms at Newstead in the older part of the buildings. The whole modern range calls for no remark, though several of the rooms—notably the boudoir and the billiard-room—are exceptionally attractive. The rooms which Livingstone used during the time he was writing "The Zambesi and Its Tributaries" are in the Sussex Tower. That tower derives its name from the Duke of Sussex, who was a frequent visitor to Newstead in Colonel Wildman's day.

J. B. FIRTH.

PIONEER SCHEME OF LAND HOLDINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS FOR MEN ON ACTIVE SERVICE

IT will be remembered that last summer the Duke of Sutherland in the House of Lords urged the Government to take steps to provide land holdings for sailors and soldiers who had fought for their country in the war, who could show a good record of service, and who desired on their return to settle on the land and were capable from former experience of doing so to advantage. His Grace further urged that holdings should be got ready for the return of the men, otherwise they would have to go elsewhere for employment, and the best would be the first to go. Following up these suggestions the Duke interviewed the Secretary for Scotland (Mr. Robert Munro, M.P.) regarding the well known arable and sheep farm of Shinness on his Highland estates, the present lease of which expires at Whit Sunday next, and represented its suitability for the formation of new holdings of such size and quality as to be self supporting. The arable land on the farm, which for many years has been chiefly under grass, extends to about 1,300 acres and the hill grazing to about 15,000 acres, and the Cheviot sheep stock on the farm is reckoned as second to none in the Highlands of Scotland. Mr. Munro took up the Duke's proposal heartily, and negotiations with the Board of Agriculture for Scotland proceeded in the most harmonious manner, and these have been definitely concluded. At Whit Sunday, 1918, the Board will proceed to divide the arable land into from twenty to twenty-five holdings and provide suitable homesteads by adapting the present buildings and erecting new buildings where required. The sheep ground will be run as a club farm,

and with proper attention will doubtless maintain the good name of Shinness for Cheviot sheep. The holders selected will be the Duke's tenants, the rents will be fixed by the Land Court, and the holders will have all the benefits of the Land Acts.

The Secretary for Scotland at a public meeting at Tain on October 5th, referred to the Shinness scheme, and in the course of his speech said there were problems of peace as well as problems of war. One of the first problems was that of providing for our returning sailors and soldiers. What was wanted was practical help. One method of helping was to make land available for those men who desired on their return to settle upon it. He did not say they all would. The new ideas born of new experiences would send many further afield. But none of them wished to hustle off to the great cities or to the Colonies the sailor or soldier who had fought and bled for us if he desired to settle on the land at home. "In this connection," Mr. Munro proceeded, "I desire to make public acknowledgment of what the Duke of Sutherland has done. He not only last year gave Borgie as a gift to the nation, where forestry and small holdings combined will enable Service men to make a living. He came to me recently and on most reasonable terms offered the farm of Shinness for the settlement of discharged sailors and soldiers who have served their country in this war. I accepted the offer." Proceeding, he said: "I desire to make an appeal to the landlords of Scotland. I well know the patriotism and the devotion which they have shown at this crisis of the nation's

history. Peer and peasant have fought side by side, and castle and cottage are united in a common effort, aye, and in a common grief. Will any of our landlords follow the example of the Duke of Sutherland? If there are any farms falling out of lease suitable for the settlement of returned sailors and soldiers, I earnestly ask owners to let me know. The Liberal, Conservative and Labour parties in the House of Commons have combined to lay this matter before me, and the appeal I make is one which I know all of them will endorse."

It may be mentioned that the Duke of Sutherland recently sold to the Government a large area of his Lilleshall estates in Shropshire for the settlement thereon of sailors and soldiers who had served in the war.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.

We are very glad to publish from an authoritative source this account of what has been done at Shinness. The Duke has to be congratulated all the more because

the class of which he is a member has been by no means generously treated by the Government. In war legislation it has been a characteristic that the interests of the farmer have invariably been placed above those of the owner of land. Nevertheless, we feel sure that the appeal of the Scottish Minister of State will not fall on deaf ears. The Scottish landowner has ever been noted for his habit of keeping in touch with the tenants. Or, perhaps, that is too vague a description. He, as a rule, keeps on the most friendly terms with them—a feeling born of tradition. The time is not so far distant when the chief of the clan owned the land, and it was cultivated by those who in time of war followed him to the field. One great advantage of the scheme is that it offers inducement to disabled soldiers and sailors to come back to the district which they know and where they have friends—a circumstance that adds not only to the amenity of life, but to the prosperity. Blood is thicker than water, and a crippled soldier among his own people is likely to do far better than would be possible among strangers.

MATTHEW MARIS

BY HUGH STOKES.

TO possess a house of one's own, a mansion of a hundred chambers, a room for every mood each richly furnished with the most precious spoil of all the ages—such a joy is reserved for the elect. But, if we must forego a real house, a dream palace can easily be built. In our mind's eye we can adorn it beyond the resources of kings, if not beyond the imagination of poets.

Once raised, flags floating from every tower and the drawbridge up, the happy owner may live for ever in a little world of his own. Surrounded by beauty, peace will shelter him within its wings. He need meet only those he loves. This world of never-was and never-can-be he will find vastly refreshing after the rather trying world of day-by-day.

For the artist such a retreat is almost a necessity. Even a normal being may realise that an imaginative "dug-out" is an antidote to moments of depression. If he cannot build for himself he can enter the dream worlds of the great artists. They are open to us all, provided we approach the gates with modesty and in sympathy.

Poets are always ready to share their delights, for the poet "on honey dew hath

fed, and drunk the milk of Paradise." Keats continually invites us to wander in that world beyond the world in which his spirit lived.

Musicians are equally generous. The chords of a Bach fugue, swelling through the pipes in one mighty awakening revelation, are Heaven itself. In painting, the spiritual gift is rarer, for great painters are not invariably great poets. Matthew Maris, who died a few weeks ago, was both. The Memorial Exhibition of his works, now open at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, affords an opportunity to consider a peculiar but fascinating individuality.

The story of the three Maris brothers is decidedly interesting. The three were born at The Hague, and are usually classified as members of the modern Dutch School. This is true enough of James and William, who lived and worked in Holland. Matthew, however, is not distinctively Dutch. After working in Paris, the last forty years of his life were spent in London. His temperament was probably a reversion to some earlier racial type. The nationality of the grandfather of the three artists does not appear to have been clearly established. According to one historian he was a Bohemian soldier from Prague. Another calls him



THE YOUNG COOK.
By Matthew Maris.



THE FOUR MILLS.

By Matthew Maris.

Polish. There is little family tradition, and no record of artistic ancestors.

Matthew Maris was, to cite an old Nonconformist phrase, in the world but not of it. He seems to have been indifferent to his surroundings. From Holland he passed to Paris, and from Paris to London. In London he remained, lodging for some years in one of the more unassuming thoroughfares of St. John's Wood, although his room was but a few steps from the treasure house of Tadema, who had shared quarters with him in their student days at Antwerp. The work from the tiny apartment is more sought after by connoisseurs at the present moment than the canvases from the palace.

From St. John's Wood he moved into a tenement house off the Harrow Road, where he died on August 22nd. Now that quarter of Paddington between the Great Western Railway and Maida Vale has many interests but few attractions. Browning lived opposite the islands in the canal, presumably because the turgid waters reminded him of Venice. A modern Guardi might find some subjects in this region, although the flaking stucco is more Victorian than Palladian. But Maris lived on the borders of a slum which, to this day, stout-heartedly defies every effort of police and philanthropy, an area limited in extent it is true, but unlimited in delinquency. Maris probably cared as little for the canal as for the slum, undisturbed by the raucous cries or the distressing smells which rose from one and the other. He had created a world of his own, and the drawbridge was up.

If you can manage to exist comfortably in a world of pure imagination there are many obvious advantages. Shacabac was convinced that he had enjoyed a hearty meal after the Barmecide's empty dishes had been passed across the table. Would that we could all share Shacabac's pleasure over the Barmecide feast of to-day!

In these rooms off the Harrow Road, comfortable but not inspiring, Matthew Maris lived and worked as Turner lived and worked in Queen Anne Street three-quarters of a century ago. They were men of a solitary humour. Both struggled with new problems in the art which, for them, was the beginning and end of existence. There is now on exhibition at the National Gallery an "Interior at Petworth" which shows that Turner was as modern as many of the Frenchmen of the most recent school. Professor M. E. Sadler links the later Maris with Vincent Van Gogh, and, like Van Gogh, Maris strays into a maze of vague symbolism

difficult to fathom. In his allegories he pursues beauty through a mist. Colour and form are almost completely veiled. They are ghosts, but exquisitely beautiful ghosts.

The Maris of the 'seventies was more robust. He had not yet commenced the pursuit of an elusive will o' the wisp. At the French Gallery one may note that in his earlier years he was influenced by Rembrandt, possibly also by Holbein. Professor Sadler writes that over the pillow of the bed on which he died was pinned an autotype of Holbein's Henry VIII. In Paris he was clearly acquainted with the works of Corot and the masters of the Barbizon School.

However, the cousinship of the "Four Mills" or the "Outskirts of a Town" with the French landscapes is remote. These noble paintings must be classed among the supreme examples of the genius of "Thys" Maris. They reflect the serenity of a poet. In both the atmosphere is sombre. Like sentinels the mills tower above the red roofs of the town. No passing breeze whispers through the leafless trees. The sails, stretching forth like the bony hands of skeletons, have ceased to twirl and creak in the motionless air. There is no animation or life. An old dame in black stolidly watches a stagnant stream; another, on the opposite bank, is picking up a few pieces of linen.

"The Outskirts of a Town" suggests decay. The bastions and fortifications which rise from the river have served their turn. The balustraded terrace is deserted. Behind the village church a moon is about to rise "tinting with silver wan" the walls and roofs of the farm buildings.

The pictures of fantasy are more characteristic of Maris, as an imaginative artist. Sir Claude Phillips calls him a precursor of Maeterlinck. The comparison is in many respects apt, particularly in respect to the mediæval "He is coming." But in "The Squirrels," "The Girl with the Goats" and "The Enchanted Wood" we can enter the artist's dream world again. A boy and girl lured through the tangled undergrowth by beckoning squirrels; little fays tumbling about a magic copse, every bush aglow with white blossom, and looming in the glades the shadow of a witch; a Cinderella, in cloth of gold, talking to a couple of enticing little white goats. We want to know what the goats are telling her, for, in fairyland, all animals talk.

Matthew Maris is a great artist because, with extraordinary delicacy, he evokes a mood. Such a mood can be conjured into life through a song by Maurice Ravel, or a verse

of poignant regret by Verlaine. The supreme example is that air of the Wandering Spirit from Gluck's "Orfeo," so bitter-sweet in all its haunting melancholy that its strains become almost too sad for human ears. It is a grey mood, this of lost loves and unsatisfied desires.

There is danger in wandering too often across the enchanted ground. But in the world of dreams evoked by Maris and his fellows we find beauty mingled with the sorrow, whereas in the world of real life too often we experience the grief without its compensation.

HUGH STOKES.

LORD MORLEY'S REMINISCENCES

Recollections, by Viscount Morley, O.M. Two volumes. (Macmillan.)

JOHN MORLEY does not figure in these reminiscences as Moses on Mount Pisgah. He has arrived at the end of his own leadership, but he points no finger of hope towards a promised land. On the contrary, the landscape before him lies darkened. He laments that "we are travelling under formidable omens into a new area very unlike the times in which my lot was cast." This must be accepted as a token of defeat, although it follows a victorious career. Lord Morley in his preface does not belittle the part he has played:

It has been my fortune to write some pages that found and affected their share of readers; to know and work on close terms with many men wonderfully worth knowing; to hold responsible offices in the State; to say things in popular assemblages that made a difference.

It will be seen that he does not regard himself as having been a prophet crying in the wilderness. On the contrary, his advice has been treasured and taken by a succession of Liberal Prime Ministers—Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, Asquith. As he discreetly ends his chronicle in 1911, there is a reason for his silence in regard to the present occupant of that high office. Before praising these recollections as they deserve, it is necessary to point out that in one respect his career was a failure. Foreign policy has been with him the study of a lifetime. He made it his speciality in the *Fortnightly Review*, when he succeeded George Henry Lewes as Editor. When changes of Ministry occurred, his eye was continually on the Foreign Office, but he did not see the danger into which the country was drifting. There is no more surprising passage in the book than one containing a reference to the German Emperor in 1907. He says: "One impression the German Emperor—and it is a golden impression—[the italics are ours] appears to have left in the mind of everybody, namely, that he does really desire and intend peace [the italics are Lord Morley's]." Now listen to the continuation of the letter in which he describes the golden impression of peace produced by the German Emperor. "You may laugh at this in view of the fine, brand-new, naval programme which the Germans have launched at a moment supremely inconvenient to H.M.'s Government." Why was it supremely inconvenient? Because at that time the leading politicians on his side were agitating for a reduction of armaments. But is it not amazing that one of the acutest minds in England could be so easily befooled? Honeyed words of the German Emperor in London; a big naval programme in Berlin! Surely a child in the nursery ought not to have been misled by deceptions so obvious. Yet Lord Morley clings with pathetic persistency to doctrines that have been demolished by events. Seven years after the visit of the Emperor William to which this refers, the long premeditated German attack was launched, to the astonishment and surprise of those politicians in England who had been crying "Peace, peace," when there was no peace. But Lord Morley does not take it that way. Persistent in the rectitude of his early beliefs, he reflects: "The world's black catastrophe in your new age is hardly a proved and shining victory for the principles and policies of the age before it." In a reference to 1864, he glories that when the Germans threatened and eventually took Schleswig-Holstein, a speech by Mr. Gladstone was able to keep the sword in its sheath. Well, has it? Surely Palmerston, who foresaw what the taking of Kiel Harbour really meant, is justified by the consequences.

It was impossible at this critical moment to ignore these passages. They have so acute a bearing on the present situation. But it is a relief to turn to the interest and charm of these otherwise winning recollections. Lord Morley has divided his tale into sections, and the three books of the first volume deal respectively with his Literary Experience, Public Life and the Irish Question. In his literary career he was not much chastened by adversity. Very early he was relieved from the need of depending upon casual journalism by being made adviser to the publishing firm of Macmillan, when Daniel Macmillan was the ruling sovereign. Despite some differences in regard to taste and opinion, the two got on very well together. During that time his two great friends

were Meredith and Mill. Of both he writes enthusiastically. They were the companions of his young manhood, and it is easily intelligible that he would not fall in with the views of those younger men who were reconsidering many reputations of the Victorian Epoch. We could not expect he would do that. And it is good to have tributes that in each case are generous and affectionate. Still, he remains "honest John," and does not conceal that there was some truth in Meredith's characterisation of Mill as "partaking of the spinster." A greater wit than Meredith had a similar impression. Morley records a wickedly clever remark by one of the most famous makers of phrases. Disraeli, when Mill made an early speech in Parliament, raised his eye-glass and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, "Ah, the finishing governess!" Lord Morley's acquaintance with the intellects of the Victorian Age was so full and familiar that one cannot help wishing that he had given full-length portraits of others on whom he bestows only brief mention. He brings up Lewes and George Eliot, dallying with Comtism, Spenser, Tyndall, Huxley (who bitterly condemned official Positivism as Catholicism minus Christianity) and Pierre Lafitte, a French representative, and a most brilliant, vivacious, illuminating representative; he was. Also there was Frederic Harrison, "in those days incomparable in controversy, powerful in historical sense and knowledge," who has been his intimate and attached friend for half a century. Probably Lord Morley considered that these names are too well known to need further description or mention. But the world is floating away from the Victorian Era and these were its true giants, and they are not known as well as they should be to the rising generation. The book is full of glimpses, some of them very tantalising. We confess to a feeling of as much curiosity about the ante-room of the *Saturday Review* Office as we feel in regard to many a graver subject. Was it in "The Albany" where Douglas Cook, red-haired, brilliant and full of strange oaths, used to interview some of his contributors? Lord Morley does not even mention the name of the paper. He describes it only as the most important weekly of the time. Leslie Stephen and he were not only contributors, but were found so useful as to be worth a retaining fee. In the ante-room he must have met many distinguished men, as in those days all the talents contributed to the *Saturday*. But he only refers to one other, who was the important man who became Lord Salisbury. "He and I were alone together in the editorial ante-room every Tuesday morning, waiting our commissions, but he too had a talent for silence and we exchanged no words either now or at a future occasion." Indirectly they had to do with one another, however. When Morley was Secretary for Ireland he wished to put in motion the rule about prescribing retirement at sixty-five, in order to get rid of the president of an Irish College. "I observe," said Lord Salisbury, referring respectively to Morley and Gladstone, "that the letter directing retirement because the president is sixty-five is signed by a Secretary who is seventy-something in the name of a First Lord of the Treasury who is eighty-four."

Now we come to Ireland, the third book of the first volume. In this the stage is very largely occupied by Charles Stewart Parnell. Lord Morley in the course of these pages does not show himself a very good judge of character, and we feel sure that his estimate of the Irish leader is not that which will be taken by the historian of the future. By character we mean public, not private, character; politics, not morals. Parnell did very little indeed for his country. In saying that we are not describing him as better or worse than the politicians of his day. Lord Morley himself describes the five years 1880-1885 as forming a deplorable chapter in the history between Great Britain and Ireland. The years immediately previous had been no more fruitful, and the reason was that Ireland was very little more than a political football kicked to and fro between rival parties. Its condition was largely the outcome of distress, and this distress was due to the excessive subdivision of small-holdings. How people managed to live on the little scraps of land, mere pockets in the western hills, puzzles one to know in these days. Wretchedness and poverty naturally lead to

discontent, and discontent finds expression in moonlighting, Fenianism and the other familiar forms of outrage. Ireland in those days might have been likened to a patient suffering from malnutrition. No political party looked to the cause of the disease, but one offered a surgical operation in the shape of coercion, and the other a bolus or pill in the shape of a new Land Act. The first parliamentarian to strike out on a new line was Mr. A. J. Balfour, who was very near achieving a correct diagnosis. His name is still mentioned with blessings by the poor of the west, and so is that of his successor, George Wyndham, who wanted just a little more robustness, or, as we should say, "devil," in his temperament to have achieved greatness in Ireland. But he did not contrive to hold all the reins and, consequently, failed. Horace Plunkett alone got on to the right lines, and would probably have led Ireland out of the morass but for the appointment of a mere lawyer as Secretary, one who knew nothing of that agriculture on the prosperity of which the Green Isle depended. We say this with complete indifference to Whig, Tory and Irish Parties; to Gladstone, hearing the solemn tolling of the bell that bade him pass the Irish Land Act; to Salisbury recommending twenty long years of steady government; and to those who make as much as they can of the cry, "Ireland, a nation!" It cannot faithfully be said that Mr. John Morley was an exception to the other politicians who did no good, but harm to Ireland.

The second volume continues the Irish section of the first, and the remaining three books are called respectively, "Policies and Persons," "A Short Page in Imperial History" and "A Critical Landmark." All this means that the main subject is India, and it would be idle to enter upon that period at the far end of a review, so that we must leave it for further consideration. The *Recollections* of Lord Morley fall naturally into two categories, those connected with his literary career and those connected with his political career. One would not like to offer a definite opinion upon either at this stage. Lord Morley is extremely careful and cautious in his estimates of character; in fact, nobody is mentioned in the volumes without praise. The attitude is perhaps due to an amiable wish not to hurt the feelings of his contemporaries, but it leaves little room for gracious comment. Of his political life we have said sufficient in the first paragraph. Only two incidents will receive further reference, and they are Lord Acton's very candid opinion of Morley, and a description of the manner in which his peerage was obtained. We select the two because they show the engaging candour with which the author relates even these things which at a first blush might not be supposed to tell in his favour. Acton's appreciation must be weighed side by side with the absolute confidence he showed in Morley when he made him a trustee at his death and bequeathed to him his famous library:

"As there are for him," he wrote of me to a common friend, "no rights of God, there are no rights of man—the consequence on earth of obligation in Heaven. Therefore he never tries to adjust his view to many conditions and times and circumstances, but approaches each with a mind uncommitted to devotion and untrammelled by analogies. . . . The consequence of his propensity of mind is that he draws his conclusions from much too narrow an induction; and that his very wide culture—wide at least for a man to whom all the problems, the ideas, the literature of religion are indifferent and unknown—does not go to the making of his policy. These are large drawbacks, leaving, nevertheless, a mind of singular elasticity, veracity and power, capable of all but the highest things. He seems to me to judge men dispassionately."

It was equally frank in him to explain the exact manner in which he acquired his peerage. Even at the risk of prolonging this notice, we must give his account of the bestowal of the title verbatim:

It was on one afternoon at this time that Asquith came to my official room at the House of Commons and told me that he understood the King, then at Biarritz, would send for him to kiss hands as the new Head of the Government. "Yes, of course," I said, "there could be no thought of anything else, that is quite certain." He hoped that I should remain with him, and would like to know if I had any views for myself. "I suppose," I said, "that I have a claim from seniority of service for your place at the Exchequer, but I don't know that I have any special aptitude for it under present prospects, and I am engaged on an extremely important and interesting piece of work. As you know, my heart is much in it, and I should be sorry to break off. So, if you approve, I will stay at the India Office, and go to the House of Lords." "Why on earth should you go there?" "Because, though my eye is not dim, nor my natural force abated, I have had a pretty industrious life, and I shall do my work all the better for the comparative leisure of the other place."

When so many people are asking how titles are obtained and some are putting the pertinent enquiry, "What is paid for them?" it is good to have this straightforward account of the manner in which one of the most distinguished Radicals of his time asked for and received a peerage. It forms but one of the many instances of manliness which distinguish the writing of these *Recollections*.

LITTLE WEE

IT is interesting to speculate how the subject of dream-children might have developed in literature if Charles Lamb had not made it his own for ever. In one book and another it crops up in a fanciful, tentative way, but, on the whole, writers are shy of challenging comparison with Elia's little masterpiece.

Little Wee's mother was one of the shyest in her fear of following feebly in his wake, but there was also another reason for her silence. She objected strongly to her dream-baby being put down, with nods and becks, to "the maternal instinct" run to seed. She wasn't that sort of woman at all. She had a quiet liking for certain children she knew, and got on well with them, probably because she had no theories about how to talk to them, but as for being fond of children in the usual sense of the phrase—frankly, she wasn't. She was never asked as a matter of course to be one of the dozen or so helpers at children's parties—with a little dance for the grown-ups afterwards—as nobody ever accused her of having sweet ways with children. She couldn't stand sweet ways. And she thought children were sometimes very tiresome. But she adored Little Wee.

Now dream-babies are infinitely more tricky in their advent than real babies; and they are not dependent on effort of will or imagination. They come—or they don't come. You needn't suppose you can coax them into your life by taking thought. You needn't think you can keep them in your life after it is decreed that they shall leave you. Concentration, tears, temper—they are all useless.

Little Wee—the name is short for Elizabeth Mary—lived with her mother for several years at irregular intervals. She had a dear little dark head that just fitted into the curve of her mother's neck when they were sitting so, and she had the faintest shell pink tint in her cheeks—not rose pink. She was always four years old, and she could do cross-stitch very nicely indeed. When she saw fit to come to live with her mother, she often came in the care of her starched and frilled nurse, but her mother generally sent the nurse back to—well, wherever dream-babies come from. You can't imagine Elia's dream-children in the care of a nurse. But probably this just shows what a conventional sort of mother Little Wee had. And, after all, it is pleasant to know that the babe was well looked after in that shadowy land where she spent so much of her little life.

Little Wee and her mother had one memorable hot summer together at the seaside. They might have gone to a much more romantic spot, but Little Wee wanted to go to Redcar because her mother had been born there, or, as she put it, "had become a little babee there." But Redcar is so trippy and crowded that they compromised matters and went a little further along the coast to a rather quieter place, where they took the tiniest cottage imaginable. Little Wee wore bare feet and ran about on the sands all day. And if she felt she'd like to walk in the sea—well, she just walked in, that's all.

Sometimes they went along the sands to Redcar, Little Wee riding a donkey. Arrived, they used to sit on the Promenade, and the following conversation always took place:

"And were you reelee a little babee here?"

"Yes, dear, reelee!"

"How many years ago?"

"Nev' mi'."

"And did you reelee ride up and down this very per-peromade in your pr-prambulator?"

"Reelee I did, Little Wee."

"And what did you wear?—white, like that little babee over there?" Little Wee would ask deceitfully. She had heard all this dozens of times, but listened with breathless interest.

"No, a silver grey coat-and-cape with grey fur round it. Coats-and-capes were very pretty, Little Wee. The cape was quite long, nearly as long as the coat, and was spread out most elegantly round the proud baby driving in her pr-prambulator."

"Oh, ohie!" breathed Little Wee, glancing with despatch at her own little white frock. "And did you look simfly lovely?"

"Yes, simply lovely."

"And what else did you wear?"

"A little grey hood with silver grey fur round it."

"Oh, ohie! And what did people call you?"

"They all called me 'the grey baby.'"

Here Little Wee would stand ecstatically on one leg. "And did they look at you a lot?"

"Yes, a very great lot," said her mother, with a sigh to think that her brief career as a beauty ended so soon. "They used to stop my nurse and ask whose baby I was. Now, my precious, we must go home."

Little Wee never stayed so long with her mother again. But she came one rather lonely Christmas when but for her the Christmas feeling would have been lacking altogether. When her mother went off in the moonlight to church early that morning she left Little Wee sitting up in bed solemnly unpacking her Christmas stocking. Before she went she lit a dream-fire in the room so that her babe should not catch cold over her presents, and the flames threw soft lights and shadows on the absorbed little face and careful little hands. Later there was a more sociable church-going—Little Wee and a most

elusive threepenny-bit went too. Her mother could almost see the child trotting beside her with twinkling, white-gaitered little legs. You can go several ways to church, and she still remembers which way she and Little Wee went that morning. She even remembers what they were talking about.

Little Wee stood on a big, red hassock and sang "Hark the Herald" and "Once in Royal." She was well up in hymns, and always spoke of them by their first three words. And she behaved with the greatest tact during the sermon. She sat quietly on her mother's knee and thought about the game of snap-dragon they were going to play in the afternoon.

That was the Christmas that somebody gave her mother some lovely Syrian lace—both narrow edging and insertion.

She had only to look at it to know that it could only be used on a frock for Little Wee. She couldn't imagine it on any grown-up garment. But—well, it is difficult to sew real lace on a dream-frock, so the real lace lies in a real drawer to this day. Yards and yards of it.

That was almost the last time Little Wee appeared. She came back for a few minutes at longer and longer intervals, and then she stayed away altogether. As has been said, you cannot arrange these things. Nevertheless, her mother has a faint understanding of the dream-laws that governed both the coming and the passing of Little Wee, and she knows—alas, alas!—that she will never come back again.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

CORRESPONDENCE

PLANTING TREES IN GRASSLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Surely it did not need the Woburn experiments to prove the ill effects of grass on young fruit trees. It was a practice long before in Kent and elsewhere to plant young trees after hops and other crops needing cultivation. Also in America, where the summer droughts compelled the practice. When the trees in our country become established there they may often be grown in grass with good and frequently beautiful results, as we may often see in our own land and in Normandy.—W. ROBINSON, Gravetye, Sussex.

THE LITTLE OWL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When reading the article by Captain C. W. R. Knight on the little owl, *Athene noctua*, in this week's *COUNTRY LIFE*, it occurred to me that others might be interested to know what amusing little creatures they are to watch in captivity. Some years ago a couple were caught for me, which I kept for some months in a large rabbit wire (small mesh) aviary, erected at the edge of a shrubbery, and including the stem of a fir tree, to which I fastened a deep box, having a perch half way down and a removable bottom for cleaning purposes. Unfortunately, owing to absence from home, I could not have the owls until they were three weeks old—and they should by rights be handled from the very beginning by the person who purposes to tame them—but, though they never became entirely tame with me, they soon grew to tolerate my presence in the aviary for hours at a time, and gave up the curious "curtseying" and peering at my approach, though this continued to be done if any stranger came to the cage. The first thing I noticed was that they chose the sunniest perch to sit on—which was quite a new idea to me as regards owls. Next I was amused to see how, sitting side by side, they would suddenly turn and playfully bite each other, and gently spar with their beaks in just the same sort of way as do puppies and other young animals. I believe I am right in saying that the one which was a little larger, and infinitely the bolder and more enterprising, was the female—and she certainly was the ruling spirit! I cannot remember what led me to provide her with playthings, but I think it was seeing her fly down to bite a brush that was lying on the grass, but after that I used to drop my handkerchief for her. She would then fly down, seize it, and carry it up to the perch, where she would sit, holding it by one corner and "killing" it by biting it all over (without damage to the handkerchief, however!), dropping it after a while and picking it up again to repeat the performance. But the funniest episodes were connected with the tall tin with a wire handle in which I collected the remains of their meals for removal—as they were still too young to tear rats to pieces, and only ate the inside parts, when cut open for them. I have a delightful mental picture of a little owl (the lady, of course!) cantering round and round the tin, looking at her reflection in the shiny surface! Then she was emboldened to fly on the lid and to pick up the wire handle in her beak. She dropped it with a loud clang, which rather startled her, but finding that nothing happened she repeated the joke, which seemed to give her great pleasure, several times in succession. All this time her companion was still sitting on the perch in nervous gloom; but in later days he took a little share in the fun, as she used to sit on the tin and he would try to come up too, to be pushed off by her in real "King of the Castle" style. I quite believe I should have tamed her in the end, as she was coming quite close to where I sat on the grass to fetch the handkerchief and violent curiosity would have led her on, when, unhappily, I lost her. I went away for a few days and the gardener who fed them for me did not notice a small hole in the ground under the wire, probably made by a rat, and she wriggled out and was gone. She was last seen diving into a rabbit-hole on our heatherland adjoining the New Forest, to the intense surprise of a young keeper who knew not *Athene noctua*. I ought to have made up my mind to loose her companion, for though he became less nervous, and I used to get him on to my hand, he pined for his mate, and died in a few weeks' time, as, I believe, is always the case. One other thing I should like to add—they will not eat while being watched. Only once did I see her begin her meal, and that was when she could not wait for my full departure to attack a bunch of nestling sparrows, which were to be their supper, and I saw her seize one and start to peck out the brain. I never tried to have any more, but they really are exceedingly attractive birds for an aviary if trouble be taken to tame them.—ETHEL M. MILLS.

BIRDS AND AEROPLANES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your issue of October 27th a letter from "Juba" stating that swallows and martins and other birds fly away from the aeroplanes passing overhead. We have two tame greater black-back gulls, and directly they hear an aeroplane they get very excited and put their heads on one side so as to be able to see the machine better,

and utter loud cries. The other day one of these machines kept manoeuvring round the house for quite ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, all the time these two birds kept getting more and more excited and ran up on to a high bank, gazing upwards and making a great noise. The dogs also ran madly about barking, so altogether there was a regular "bedlam."—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

HINTS FOR THE AMATEUR WOODMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With the present scarcity of labour and the very great national demand for home grown timber, I feel sure that many dwellers in the country, like myself, have given what assistance they can in helping in the felling and sawing up of suitable trees. For us unskilled woodmen (and in the majority of cases I am afraid *anno domini* plays a considerable part) it appears to me to be of the highest importance that we should provide ourselves with efficient implements, and I think that any amateur who has tried an hour or two's work with an ordinary blunt cross-cut saw will agree. This autumn, finding that the labour of cross cutting was somewhat beyond me, I made some enquiries on the subject, and eventually purchased a cross-cut saw manufactured by Disston and Sons, Philadelphia, and I have found that it has made all the difference in the world. It is scientifically constructed, and I find I can keep working for a much longer period than before without getting utterly exhausted. Again, I had been using what I was informed was a first-class felling axe. It is long and heavy, and its wielding is a Herculean task. I recently had a conversation with an officer in a New Zealand regiment, who tells me that in that country for tree felling they never use an axe weighing more than 4½ lb., including the handle, and that very largely these axes are used one handed. I have just had my own axe weighed and I find it to be 9 lb. My New Zealand friend also tells me that they keep their axes constantly sharpened, in fact they have a stone on the ground, and the axes are sharpened after each tree has been cut. I should be much interested to have the opinion of some experienced forester in this country who could speak authoritatively on this point. I make no pretensions to have discovered anything original, and I speak as an absolute amateur, but I have found out one or two wrinkles which, although they may be back numbers with experienced people, still may be helpful to willing amateurs like myself. In cutting down a tree I first of all make a saw cut, say 8 ins. from the ground, from the side on which I wish the tree to fall. This cut I continue until it is rather more than half way through. I then cut a notch with the axe to this cut. If the tree naturally is leaning in the desired direction it can be brought down with a comparatively small notch and a simple horizontal saw cut from the other side. In the event of the tree leaning the wrong way, say in exactly the opposite direction to that in which it is desired to bring it down, I have found it an excellent practice to make a saw cut on the opposite side to the notch with a strong downward tendency, with an angle of possibly 45 deg. I have found that with a cut of this kind wedges are much more easily applied for the purpose of bringing the tree to the straight, and eventually to make it lean in the desired direction, and the reason for this is very obvious. In the case of a horizontal cut the wedges have to lift the whole tree, whereas with a sloping cut they only have to incline it. In conclusion, a very large quantity of timber is required at the present time, and it is the duty of all owners to do their utmost to see that these supplies are forthcoming. At the same time, I think care should be exercised in accepting too quickly the offers of private felling contractors. In many cases they know much more of the value of the timber than the landlord, and I have known cases of prices being offered which were altogether ridiculous, compared with the present market price.—AMATEUR.

FLAX SEED SAVING MACHINE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of September 1st there is a letter under the heading "An Irish Invention," and signed "Z," with a photograph of a machine for rippling flax (that is, taking off the seed, whether in a "green" state for "feeding" or "oil making" or when "winnowed and dried" for "sowing" purposes, or the production of flax fibre), stating that Mr. Frank Barbour, of Hilden, Lisburn, was the inventor. Your correspondent is mistaken as to the origin of the machine, which was invented and patented by Mr. F. M. Walker of the firm of Messrs. Reilly and Walker, Courtrai and Rotterdam, some years ago. I gave Mr. Barbour the use of the machine recently to ripple green flax in Ireland. It differs from any other machine hitherto used for this purpose. As the letter of "Z" may give the impression that it is still protected by patent, I may say, as the inventor and owner of the machine, in the interests of British flax growers, that anyone is at liberty to make the machine or copy any portion of it. If any information is required as to its working or construction I shall be happy to give any

assistance I can. The saving of flax seed at present is of national importance, not only for feeding purposes, but for sowing seed. Owing to the war the supplies of sowing flax seed and flax fibre for the spinning mills hitherto imported from Russia and Belgium are no longer available. In the near future the consequences may be very serious, much flax fibre being required for the manufacture of cloths for aeroplanes. For many years Irish farmers have not saved the flax seed, from want of suitable machinery to do so, and the loss to the country of seed from the 80,000 to 100,000 acres sown yearly would amount to about three-quarters of a million pounds sterling annually. Ireland is the only country in the world where the flax plant is grown and the seed allowed to go to waste.—F. M. WALKER, Helen's Bay, County Down.

TO ERADICATE WIREWORM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see in your issue of November 3rd an enquiry as to getting rid of wireworm. For about twenty years I have used the following method for this pest, as well as for carrot worm and other depredators, with success. As soon as the ground is empty of plants have it dug deeply, and broken up free of lumps. Water the ground thoroughly with a mixture of 3 fluid ounces of carbolic acid (Calvert's No. 5) to one gallon of water. A gallon should be enough for about 3 to 5 square yards, according to the probable number of pests. Leave the ground exposed to frost and air till January or so, then fork over and water again with half strength of the mixture. I think that anyone trying this plan will find he can sow or plant the ground in February or March without fear of its being attacked, unless, of course, more wireworm be brought in with leaf-mould or other dressings. I may also say that I have found carbolic acid in conjunction with soft soap an absolute eradicator of the white woolly pest on plants such as stephanotis. I believe this is called American bug or blight.—J. COCKBURN.

CIDER MAKING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph will be, perhaps, of some interest to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, particularly just now, as the season of cider-making is upon us again, but more so because it serves to remind us of an industry which was once more flourishing in many English villages than it is to-day. This decline is to be regretted, as also the dwindling and exit of other crafts and industries of our villages; and we can only hope that the attempts to rehabilitate the inhabitants of the countryside to be made after the war will be real and successful. The photograph shown is singularly complete in that practically every article used in the process of cider-making can be seen and may be thus described: On the right is the mill, or grinder, with the box on top in which the fruit is placed before being crushed, and a trough underneath into which the pulp of the apples falls. In the centre is the press under which the pulp is put in horse-hair cloths before squeezing down takes place to make the juice run out into the tub seen in front of the press. The article in the immediate front of the picture, like a wooden spoon, is the scoop with which the pulp of the apple is moved from the trough to the horse-hair cloths. Any number of the latter placed together under the press is called a cheese. On the left is seen a barrel, into which the cider is put with a wooden bucket by pouring it through the tunpail, or tundish, seen fixed in the side of the hogshead. Behind the press are to be seen bags of apples brought ready for pulping, while behind the worker are seen a square wood framework and strong rod. The latter is used to lever down the press when it gets too difficult for the human arm alone, and the wooden frame is used to help build up securely and level the cheese or cloths of crushed apples. The two wheels of the mill are, let it be noted, of uneven size—the smaller being termed the feeding wheel; it is more difficult to work than the big wheel. Whoever turns the small wheel regulates the flow of the apples from the box down between the two cylinders or crushers. This is done with a flat wooden spoon to prevent possible injury to the fingers. The exhausted pulp is either thrown on the manure heap or given to pigs, or frequently dried and used to supplement coal for the kitchen fire.—C. TURNER.



A HEREFORDSHIRE CIDER-MAKER WITH ALL THE IMPLEMENTS OF HIS TRADE.

THE STRENGTH OF A GROWING GOURD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the photographs is shown an interesting little experiment which has been carried out to show the force exerted by a developing gourd. A healthy



PUTTING THE BOTTLE OVER THE GOURD.

young specimen was selected and, when this was quite small, a stout glass bottle was placed over it. In a short while the gourd had filled the bottle right out and was pressing against the sides. As time went on the continual increase of the cellular tissue of the gourd finally became so great that the



THE FORCE OF THE GROWING GOURD CRACKED THE GLASS.

bottle could no longer stand the strain. As can be seen from the second photograph, the bottle cracked in several directions. The amount of force required to crack a stout bottle from the inside in this way would be very great indeed, and this little experiment was an amazing instance of the power of a growing vegetable.—S. LEONARD BASTIN.

THE GROWTH OF BEANS AND HOPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the issue of COUNTRY LIFE for July 7th an interesting note from Mr. S. Leonard Bastin was given with reference to the twisting of the growing point of scarlet runner beans before and after the autumnal equinox, September 23rd. He says runner bean stems before the spring equinox grow towards the right; after that straighten out and then grow to the left. After September 23rd they again straighten out and turn to the right. It is not quite obvious what is meant by "to the right" or left, unless you consider the direction of the growing point in front of the support; I prefer to say clockwise or counter clockwise. As it is now some time since September 23rd and no letter has appeared describing observations on the subject, I thought you might be interested to know that I planted some scarlet runners in pots in a cold greenhouse at the beginning of September and had some scarlet runners, hops, and convolvulus outside before September 23rd. The scarlet runners and convolvulus grew counter clockwise and the hops clockwise, which is the normal way. The scarlet runners in pots had by September 20th just completed two internodes, and on September 22nd had just begun to twist. On the 23rd they had about half a turn in the counter clockwise direction. One showed a tendency to keep straight, and for a week there seemed to be some hesitancy on its part to twist at all, but eventually it went like the others in the normal counter clockwise direction. The plants established out of doors showed no signs of changing their direction, but they had probably stopped growth. This only goes to show that they do not always behave in the curious manner ascribed to them.—W. H. HAYLES.